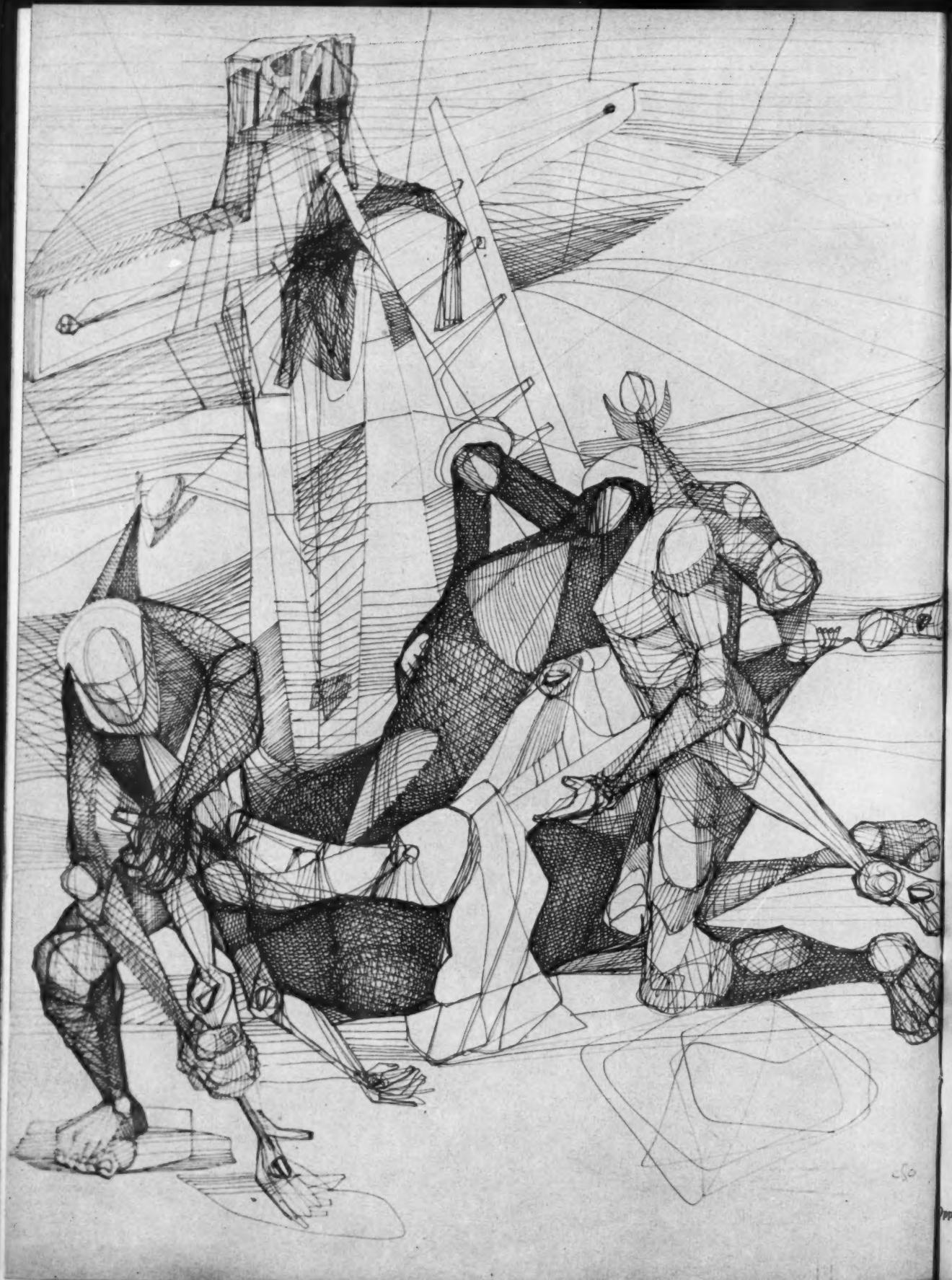


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Paraguayan lace (see page 14). Photograph by Frances Adelhardt

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Opposite: Via Crucis, ink drawing by Ciro Oduber of Panama

MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

● Reforestation has the spotlight this month as Lilo Linke tells the story of "Two Million Trees for Ecuador" on page 2. The campaign she describes has been a great success, and might well serve as a model for similar efforts in other American nations. Miss Linke, a Quito newspaperwoman whose work has frequently appeared in the pages of AMÉRICAS, covered the efforts throughout the Ecuadorian Sierra in person and took the pictures for this article.

● W. Thetford LeViness was strongly impressed by the archaeological diggings he visited at Casas Grandes, Mexico (see page 8). A librarian at New Mexico's state capitol in Santa Fe, he has contributed articles on the art, architecture, and archaeology of the southwestern United States and northern Mexico to various newspapers and magazines.

● Another of this month's authors struck out from well-traveled routes—Russell H. Gurnee, a speleologist who has previously explored caves in Venezuela, Cuba, Mexico, and Puerto Rico, and was U. S. delegate to the Second International Congress of Speleology in Italy in 1958. Last year he led a cave-scouring and sightseeing expedition of six U. S. speleologists in Guatemala. They visited Lake Atitlán, Chichicastenango, the Zaculeu and Tikal ruins, the caves at Lanquin (see AMÉRICAS, November 1955) and Jobitzinaj, and several other sites. Part of the group made a side trip from Lanquin. To see what they found, turn to "The Stream That Bridged the River," page 31.

● Gertrude D. Rowland, a free-lance writer from Pennsylvania who has written for many U. S. newspapers and magazines, describes the first and largest children's art exchange program in the world in "Children's Art Goes Abroad," on page 17.

● "Jewelry Fit for a King" (page 21) gives a step-by-step account of how a little shop in Oaxaca, Mexico, turns out amazingly faithful replicas of the famed Monte Albán jewels. Ruth Harmer, the author, who does free-lance writing from her Los Angeles home, has spent a great deal of time in Mexico. She is now teaching in the summer school of the Regional Studies Center of Mexico City College in Oaxaca.

● In "Getting the Word Across" (page 27) H. Calvert Anderson, who had thirteen years' experience as Agricultural Extension Editor at Washington State University, reports on a project he helped start at the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica. It is a program, successfully transplanted from the United States, to train extension agents in effective communications techniques.

● The authors of two articles in this issue are currently working for the United Nations. Nessim Ardit, who wrote "The Legend of the Lace" (page 14), is a Paraguayan economist now at UN headquarters in New York. Asdrubal Salsamendi, Information Chief of the New York UNESCO office, has recaptured in "The Eyes of a Gaucho" (page 24) a boyhood experience that occurred about thirty years ago in Uruguay.

2,000,000

TREES FOR ECUADOR

Reforestation campaign catches on

LILO LINKE

TO START a reforestation campaign in a country like Ecuador may well seem absurd to those who look only at national statistics. It is true that about 70 per cent of Ecuador's surface is still covered by forests. But they lie mainly to the east of the Andean ranges, in the Amazon hinterland, and, because of the present lack of communications, they cannot be exploited effectively.

All along the Andes, however, and even in many parts of the coast, lumber and firewood are scarce and the situation is becoming worse every year, largely as a result of the rapid increase of the population. The annual growth rate is close to 3 per cent, and this is putting a severe strain on many of Ecuador's natural resources.

Trees not only serve for building the houses and cooking the food, but also furnish the raw material for thousands of artisans who may apply the skill of their hands to making anything from a humble wooden spoon to precious inlaid furniture in the old Spanish style that has been handed down through the generations.

Then, many factories cannot get along without wood. A paper mill fifty miles south of Quito still leads an extremely precarious existence because of the lack of wood pulp, while the country must spend about three and a half million dollars annually to import paper, wood, articles manufactured from wood, and a long list of by-products.

But the importance of trees goes far beyond these tangible facts. As we know, trees also serve to prevent erosion, control watersheds, and regulate the climate, three



Erosion is fast becoming problem number one all over Ecuadorian Sierra region

factors of prime importance anywhere in the world, but especially so in Ecuador, where the economy depends almost entirely on agriculture.

Erosion, as a matter of fact, is rapidly becoming the number-one problem all along the Ecuadorian Sierra. Centuries of primitive agricultural techniques and the ruthless cutting of trees have combined to impoverish the soil. Miles and miles of land where life-sustaining corn or barley once swayed in the wind are today barren *canga-hua*, yellow earth as hard as stone on which not even a goat could find a blade of grass. Elsewhere, crops are so poor that their weight no longer equals that of the seeds used for planting. People living in these regions have no choice but to look for work away from home, on construction gangs or in the sugar mills of the coast.

On the exhausted land, useless for cultivation or cattle raising, reforestation has become imperative, especially on the upper slopes, both to get some income from these lands and to protect the valleys and the low-lying coast against floods during the rainy seasons.

It was a problem requiring community action, since individual advantage and common good were intertwined. No single landowner could produce any noticeable result. Only work on an ever-widening scale could promise worthwhile progress. But how could the people be convinced of that need?

For many years the government had maintained small agricultural experiment stations in the various provinces,



Thousands of cypress saplings, ready for transplanting, at government nursery in Tulcán, Carchi Province



Reforestation campaign stresses follow-up care and watering to ensure survival of trees

and several of them had tree nurseries. But few farmers bothered visiting them, and even fewer took advantage of the opportunity to acquire seedlings at cost price. The agronomists in charge were not expected to leave the experiment station in search of "customers," nor were they equipped to do this.

It was at this point that one of Ecuador's daily newspapers stepped in to help. *El Comercio*, published in Quito since 1906, had always contributed its share to the progress of the country, like the rest of Ecuador's newspapers, mainly by giving space to the free discussion of other people's actions and ideas. No Ecuadorian newspaper had ever come forward to give a hand in helping realize these ideas. However, the two sons of *El Comercio's* founder, Carlos and Jorge Mantilla Ortega, both U.S.-educated and distinguished journalists themselves, knew that North American newspapers often take an active part in community affairs. Why shouldn't something similar be tried in Ecuador?

The campaign began in *El Comercio's* Sunday edition of March 1, 1959, with a full-page advertisement announcing Ecuador's first tree-planting contest. Prizes were promised not only to the individuals, groups, or institutions planting the most trees during the next few months, but also to those who, within their limited means, would make an outstanding effort, since mere numbers are not always the important thing.

This, however, was only the beginning. *El Comercio*

took direct action by ordering a member of its staff, a woman journalist, to visit towns and villages all over the Sierra, to get in touch with hacienda owners, schools, and agricultural associations, to organize public meetings to talk to individuals, and to bring together the three essential elements: people willing to plant trees, land in need of reforestation, and the seedlings or seeds.

Naturally no newspaper would ever dream of undertaking such a task all by itself. Organization was necessary not only for those "below"—the masses of the people—but for those "above": the government and other responsible institutions. From the start the campaign united all those whose function it was to advise and help: the Forestry Department of the Ministry of Economic Development; the tree nurseries of the agricultural experiment stations; the forestry expert of the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization; and the agricultural extension agents working under the direction of U.S. International Cooperation Administration technicians in the various provinces. Hitherto they had to a large extent gone their separate ways or stuck to office work. Now they joined forces for the first time to promote a practical program right out in the field.

Twice weekly in the beginning, later once a week, *El Comercio* devoted a full page to reporting on what was happening on the hillsides, from the northern frontier with Colombia to the southern border with Peru. Local people were stimulated by seeing their own or their neigh-



Altamirano family of Ambato sets out with load of eucalyptus seedlings started in empty oil cans



This is the dry, stony hillside at Laguna de Yambo where the Altamiranos are planting their trees



Some of the eucalyptus trees that survived from the Altamiranos' first planting



In Indian community, Pedro Celestino Paucar shows visitor trees planted on exhausted soil a few months before

bors' photographs and names in the paper. Detailed practical instructions, illustrated by photographs or drawings, appropriate poems, and reports from other countries made up the rest of the page. The instructions were written by Ecuadorian and foreign forestry and soil-conservation experts. A simple forestry manual prepared for Ecuador's specific requirements by the FAO consultant, who had been cooperating with the government since 1958, was published in twenty-four weekly installments.

To reach even the smallest hamlets where the newspaper might not circulate, *El Comercio* printed one thousand copies of a special sheet, to be fastened to walls, doors or blackboards. It contained information in words and pictures about ways of planting trees.

Another thousand copies of a colorful poster soon brightened village squares, schoolrooms, and local government offices, and two hundred of the most eager collaborators received a symbolic silver button with a green tree.

The result? Two million trees were inscribed for the first contest, which covered the six months of the 1959 rainy season. Naturally, many of the trees would have been planted anyhow, and many others were planted but not inscribed in the contest.

Some individuals already had planting campaigns under way on their own property. For example, on ex-President Galo Plaza's haciendas alone, close to two million eucalyptus trees planted in the last few years are now rapidly growing, but he did not desire to call attention to his work by participating in the contest.

By far the largest number of trees planted in the campaign have been eucalyptus. These are preferred because they are fast-growing even in poor soil and at high altitudes. In addition to the service they perform as growing trees, they offer saleable firewood or lumber, and large planters can take advantage of their leaves, used in the production of organic fertilizer, and their oil, which has medicinal value. Also being grown in increasing numbers are cypresses and various kinds of pines—the latter with the possibilities of paper manufacture in mind. In general, standing trees represent an important investment for the future in a country where most of the people are not in a position to save money.

The campaign and the government nurseries usually prefer to make a nominal or cost charge for seedlings distributed, rather than to hand them out free, believing that this will insure greater care by the planter. However, plants are provided free to Indians and schools. Some municipalities and agricultural centers also maintain small nurseries.

A look at the winners of this first contest will give you a good idea of its success. A first prize, for the person who had planted the largest number of trees of any species, went to a landowner and principal of the government high school for girls in Ibarra, a town to the north of the capital, Juan Francisco Cevallos. He inherited his love of trees from his father and decided to cover with eucalyptus an entire hillside not suitable for agriculture, at altitudes of from 9,200 to 10,500 feet. Cevallos inscribed 150,000 trees for the contest, but by the time the prizes were

handed out, the number had already reached 200,000—and there is no stopping him!

"I am doing this to leave my three children a worthy inheritance," he declared at the Quito meeting at which the winners were honored. "But the prize money of five thousand sucre [about three hundred dollars] I shall give to the Indian peons who helped me plant, and owing to whose loving care the plants have all survived."

It should be pointed out that the Indians would not have taken such loving care of another man's land if that man had not been there day after day to watch them at work and urge them on in the same gentle way in which he directs the high school girls at their studies. A large number of these girls cooperated with other local secondary schools in planting trees around historic Yahuarcocha, the "Lake of Blood," to restore to it some of its previous beauty.

Cevallos' case was noteworthy because of the correct techniques employed, from the formation of the seedbeds right on the hillside, to the planting and the supervision during the early months of growth, but also—and just as much—because of the friendly cooperation between landowner and workers.

Second prize, for the organization that had planted the most trees, was given to the Andean Mission, which had planted a total of about 200,000. The Andean Mission is sponsored by several United Nations' organizations under the supervision of the ILO, and works together with the Ecuadorian Government in the most backward rural areas of the country, to bring Indian and mestizo peasants into the general life and progress of the country. Effort is directed chiefly toward increasing the income from their marginal land. In their areas erosion is dangerously advanced, and the planting of trees has assumed vital importance. Yet experience had demonstrated that the Indians are hostile to trees because they compete with corn

or barley, the Indians' staple foods, for nourishment from the soil, and the shade they cast hinders the growth of the grains.

The agricultural expert of the Andean Mission therefore had a hard task to keep the Indians from cutting down the already existing trees and saplings, and to convince them that hundreds of thousands of new ones should be planted. Nothing could be achieved without this preliminary educational effort. It was doubly slow since the Indians of Chimborazo Province, where the work started, are known for their particular distrust of outsiders. So each one of the 200,000 trees planted there during the first part of the campaign stands as a little green flag of victory over negative attitudes.

The prize to the Andean Mission was given with the understanding that the money would be invested in continuation of the work. Some of the Indians came to the awards meeting to explain their participation in the project to the public. The most vocal was Pedro Celestino Pau-car, who informed the audience in his mixture of Spanish and Quechua that "now we know how to work, now we can show everybody how we plant trees!" He gave a little demonstration right there on the platform, as if the hard boards under his sandal-clad feet were earth. He also told the audience that his eldest son, a boy of sixteen, was now at a training center for rural teachers, and that, when he had finished the three-year course, he would return to Chimborazo Province to work in a village school.

The third prize had to be divided among several contestants because so many had "made an outstanding effort within their limited possibilities." There were the boys of the Espiga 4-H Club (in Ecuador called 4-F), from a village near the Colombian frontier. Sons of poor, mainly landless, farmers, they had no place to plant trees for themselves, so offered their services to haciendas in the district, at so much per sapling, well rooted and grown



Mayor Julio Moreno Espinosa joins Junior Red Cross planters in Quito



FAO Forestry Expert Miguel González de Moya helps out in Cañar Province



Soldiers receive seedlings planted in newspaper that is left to rot in hole



Priests, officials, teachers, telegraph operators serve on local committees



Ibarra high-school girls take water from Yahuarcocha for newly planted trees



Gardenless girls planted pine seeds in boxes will set seedlings out



Schools formed tree clubs. These boys in Guaranda are preparing seed bed



New foresters on training visit to nursery in neighboring Colombia



Fast-growing new varieties of eucalyptus are tried out at government nursery



Magnificent old eucalyptus growing at 10,000 feet inspired new owner Santos Cabezas



Cabezas and employees with some of nearly 100,000 trees he has planted



First-prize winner Juan Cevallos, right, shows extension agent one of his new trees

to a certain height in its permanent place. The money they made was put away toward the building of a little house for their club. And, with additional financial aid from banks and other institutions in the provincial capital, they actually managed to erect the walls. The prize money, which came at a most opportune moment, was used to buy window frames. By the time this goes into print, the boys should be meeting regularly every week under their own roof.

"When the next rainy season starts, we shall plant more trees all over the province, even if we have finished paying off the debts on the house," declared the president of the club, a sixteen-year-old boy. "And what are you going to do with the income from that labor?" he was asked. His answer: "Buy a plot of land right next to our house, to plant trees there for ourselves!"

Also sharing in the third prize was an entire family from the capital of Tungurahua Province, Ambato, which was rebuilt from the ruins of the 1949 earthquake. Anibal Altamirano, a strongly built, squat man of forty, is a mechanic who runs his own small workshop with the help of two assistants. His young wife, a teachers' school graduate, takes care of the bookkeeping and other clerical work.

The Altamiranos years ago joined the "Esteras, Gloria de Ambato" Housing Cooperative, which was formed after the earthquake to enable working class people to get a home of their own. The first of its type set up in Ecuador, the cooperative is functioning so well (see *AMÉRICAS*, August 1956), that it has served as a model for others in other parts of the country and has become internationally known.

To keep the cost low, only a small garden was attached to each house, and the Altamiranos wanted a little more space for their growing family, especially to spend their weekends. "So we bought four *cuadras* (about eight acres) of land on an eroded hillside, next to the Laguna de Yambo, twelve miles north of Ambato. But though we got it cheaply and on easy terms, we almost regretted having done so. There wasn't a single plant there, or any shade, or even a cave to take refuge in against the burning sun or wind. Dust and stones, that was all."

Being true offspring of Tungurahua Province whose people are known for their love of the land and their patient toil, the Altamiranos did not give up. In fact, they went much further than just planning for their own pleasure. They dreamed of converting this corner of the lake into a little park, a center for tourists who would come there to rest and bathe in the lake or in the swimming pool they intended to build, or go rowing in boats made in the Altamirano workshop.

When Mr. Altamirano spoke of this dream, his whole face was shining. Immediately he and his family had set to work. "We planted the first trees right among the stones, a hundred eucalyptus and a few pepper trees. When we returned after three days, all the plants looked half dead. How we suffered!"

They offered a farm worker who lived nearby a few sures if he would water the plants regularly, and thinking that this had solved the problem, they continued planting

every weekend. But after a prolonged dry spell, once more most of the trees appeared completely withered. Fighting against all adverse circumstances, the Altamiranos for a long time continued their backbreaking work of replanting, until one day they finally felt it was useless.

"We are only ordinary humans, and as such had to give in. Back to the old iron (the mechanic's shop), I said to my wife. We can't do any more! Then one day a friend wanted me to go duck shooting with him on the lake, and so I let myself be persuaded to return to our plot. As we came over the hill, suddenly I saw hundreds and hundreds of little trees rising from among the stones and waving their tender leaves. I nearly went crazy, forgot all about the ducks, and dashed home to my wife to tell her the good news."

It turned out that about 25 per cent of the plants had survived after all. The Altamiranos resumed their task, this time with seedlings previously planted in empty oil cans so that they had a better chance to survive. The trouble was that these cans took up a lot of space in the worn-out pickup truck—which only kept together thanks to Mr. Altamirano's mechanical skill. From the highway to the lake one must follow a steep footpath over a mile of very rough land, and when no donkey appeared that might be hired to carry the load, the family itself had to use arms and shoulders to transport the cans.

"Each can seemed to weigh ten pounds as we struggled down the hill, yet even our little boy insisted on carrying at least one, though more often than not he fell down and all the earth was spilled and the plant damaged. However, people have stopped laughing when they see us setting out every Saturday in that ramshackle car full of children and plants. We certainly never thought that we would get so much happiness out of this. And, by the way, the digging of the swimming pool is nearly completed. With the prize money, we shall be able to give it the finishing touches, and then we are ready for weekend visitors!"

The remaining prizes went to a schoolteacher and to a small shopowner, one in the north, the other in the south of the Sierra. Both had not only planted trees in otherwise useless soil, but had enthusiastically cooperated in convincing many others of the need to participate.

As all these people sat there on the platform during the ceremony to receive their well-deserved prizes—the middle-aged landowner and high-school principal, the illiterate Indians, the mestizo village boys, the schoolteacher, the shopowner, the working class family—they formed what Carlos Mantilla of *El Comercio* called the "democracy of the tree."

No wonder the prize-giving turned into one of the happiest ceremonies ever held at Quito's City Hall. And the best part of the story, though not yet the happy end, is that both the spokesman of *El Comercio* and the President of the Chamber of Agriculture announced that the reforestation campaign will go on and the same number of prizes will be distributed next year. The Minister of Economic Development, who presided at the session, also looked pleased. So let us hope that millions more trees will soon rise from the exhausted soil. Ecuador needs every one of them. ☐

UNEARTHING HISTORY AT CASAS GRANDES

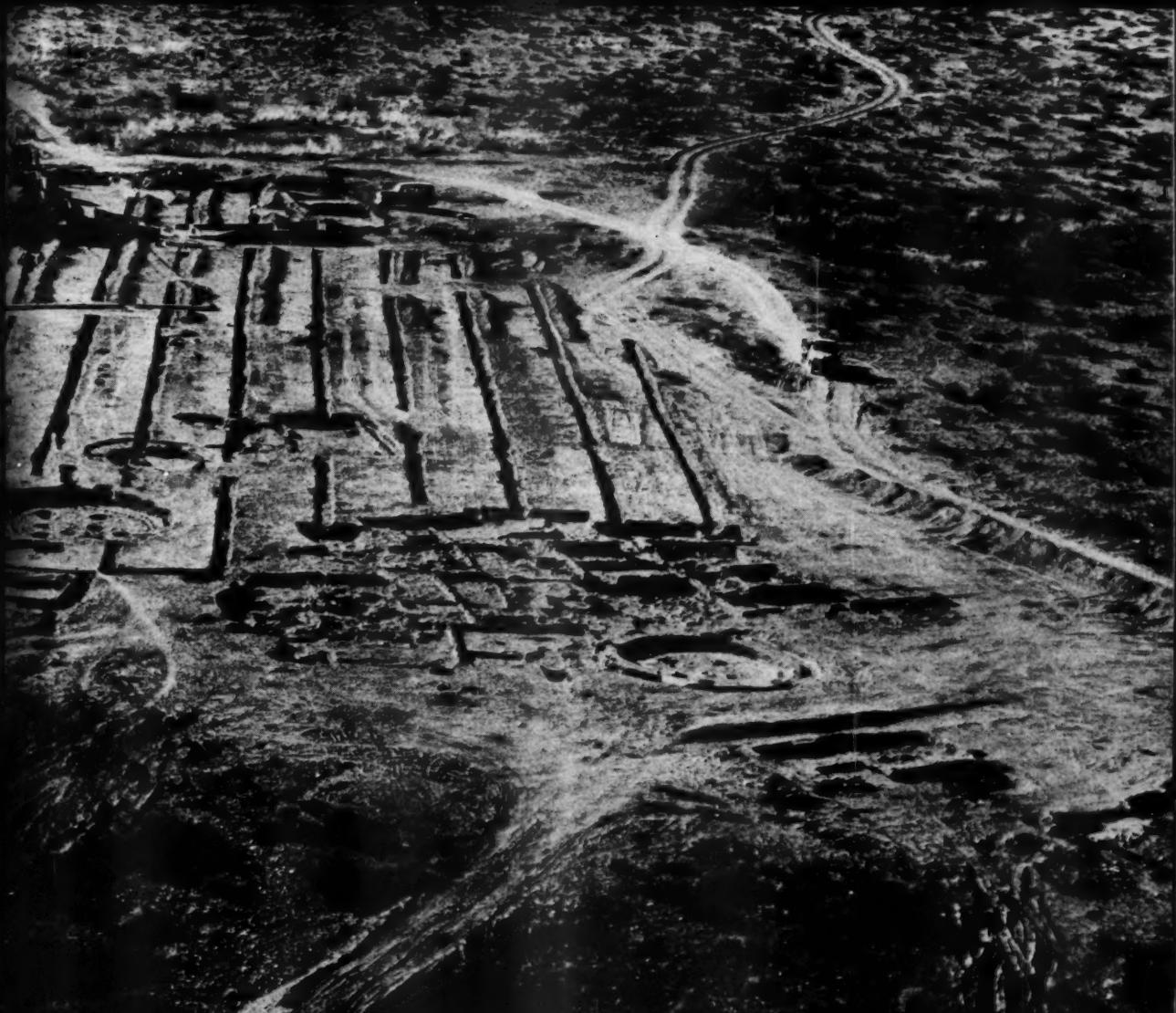
W. THETFORD LEVINESS

ONE OF THE BIGGEST archaeological projects in the Western Hemisphere is now under way at Casas Grandes, in northern Mexico. Called the "Joint Casas Grandes Expedition," it is sponsored by the Amerind Foundation of Dragoon, Arizona, and the National Institute of Anthropology and History of Mexico. Operations are of staggering proportions. They began in October, 1958, and will continue through most of 1961. The total cost will exceed \$300,000 and is being shared equally by the two sponsors. Dr. Charles C. DiPeso, Amerind Director, and Mexican archaeologist Eduardo Contreras, of the National Institute of Anthropology and History, are in charge of excavation.

Casas Grandes is in the northwestern part of Chihuahua, the largest state in Mexico. It is some two hundred miles northwest of Chihuahua City, and 125 miles due south of Columbus, New Mexico, which is on the international border.



The ruins of Casas Grandes cover 237 acres. It has long been known to anthropologists and travelers, but extensive scientific work has not been done here before. Now a ceremonial center has been located, and a residential section. A central courtyard has been excavated that measures 130 by 330 feet, and a ball court that is 170 by 70 feet. There are vats for storing mescal, perfectly round and well lined with stone. These are four or five yards in diameter, and ten feet high. As Contreras says, they are big enough to live in, and would hold enough alcohol to get an army drunk. There are also immense underground cisterns that were water reservoirs, and the remains of an irrigation system. A truncated pyramid, of the type common in the Valley of Mexico, has been unmistakably identified. Polychrome pottery is abundant. The remains of much older pit houses have also been found. Beyond the area that has been dug there are many small mounds, covered with the scrawny vegetation typical of the area.



Casas Grandes from the east. Spanish church is in background, remains of prehistoric Indian structures in foreground

Contreras points these out as places that still need to be investigated. Meanwhile, from a study of these individual features and their relationships to each other, the anthropologists are beginning to read the story written here in the earth.

When the Amerind Foundation requested authority from the Institute of Anthropology and History to do the digging, it was granted on the condition that the discoveries be turned over to the Mexican cultural authorities, in accordance with the Mexican laws concerning archaeological monuments. This was agreeable to the Amerind Foundation because its motive was scientific investigation.

What were the relations between the people who lived in Mexico and those who lived in the southwestern United States in pre-Columbian times? For example, how much did they know about each other? What kind of cultural exchanges occurred? How far north did the influence of the high culture areas of Mesoamerica extend? This long-

neglected problem has been receiving increasing attention from archaeologists in recent years.

In southern Arizona, along the Salt and Gila rivers, ball courts resembling the Maya ones were being built before A.D. 900. A rubber ball found there has been dated around A.D. 1100. Copper bells identical to a common Mexican type have been found in the Snaketown site, which was occupied around this time, and as far away as Pueblo Bonito in northwestern New Mexico. But copper bells can travel far when they are traded from tribe to tribe, and their presence does not prove direct contact with the people who made them. Dr. J. Charles Kelley, heading a Southern Illinois University expedition to Durango, the Mexican state just south of Chihuahua, found evidence that Indians from the Valley of Mexico had ventured at least that far north in ancient times.

Román Piña Chán, Director of Prehistoric Monuments for the Institute, sums up the problem: "In all probability,



Church of San Antonio and part of the test trenches dug to make archaeological survey of the site

a cultural stream of groups from the Southwest penetrated into the northern part of Mexico, going at least as far as Durango; while at the same time another cultural stream (Mesoamerican) infiltrated toward the north, with the possibility they amalgamated at some points, among them Casas Grandes." But much more archaeological work was needed.

"Casas Grandes intrigued us because of its location," says Dr. DiPeso. "It lies between these two great concentrations of pre-Columbian culture, so we had to dig there in order to further our studies of Mesoamerican influence in the Southwest."

Digging at Casas Grandes has already proved rewarding. Previously, both Mexican and United States anthropologists had tended to assume that it was merely a southern extension of the Pueblo culture of the Southwest. Now new evidence has been brought to light. Four occupation levels have been found; one of them shows that Mesoamerican people actually lived for a time on the site. As the work progresses, the picture continues to be filled in.

Casas Grandes was mentioned by Spanish chroniclers in the area as early as the sixteenth century. Impressed by the tremendous size of the buildings even then in ruins, they gave them the name they are still known by: "Casas Grandes" is Spanish for "Large Houses." Indians who were in the Casas Grandes Valley when the first Spaniards arrived—Sumas, Janos, Jácomes, and a few Tarahumaras—were converted to Christianity, and missions were erected among them. Chihuahua did not yet exist as a political entity; its capital city, Chihuahua, had not been founded and this entire section of northern Mexico was called Nueva Viscaya.

One of the missions built for the Indians was near the



Excavating north end of the central plaza, built while Anasazi peoples were living here

ancient multistoried ruins now under study. Officially known as San Antonio de Casas Grandes, this church was built by the Franciscan friars, mainly for converts among the Suma tribe, in the late 1660's. The church grew in importance as a religious center and became celebrated indeed after 1680 when Pueblo Indians, farther north in what is now New Mexico, revolted and drove the Spanish settlers from the Rio Grande Valley. Many of them sought refuge at Casas Grandes. By 1684, however, the Suma Indians revolted too, and with help from the Janos and Jácomes drove the Spaniards still farther south. San Antonio de Casas Grandes was burned, and some sixty people were killed. Archaeologists concentrating on this site for the past several months have excavated the church and found burned timbers from its choir loft. The desiccated

bodies of at least forty persons were discovered in one sealed room.

A. F. Bandelier visited Casas Grandes in the 1880's. One of the greatest archaeologists of his day, Bandelier wrote about scores of ancient cultures in North and South America. He is especially renowned for his work on pre-Columbian material in New Mexico and Arizona, and Bandelier National Monument near Santa Fe was named in his honor. The culture that he painstakingly recreated—that of the Basketmakers, Cliff Dwellers, and Pueblo Indians past and present—has come to be called "Anasazi culture" (from the Navajo Indian term for "old people"). Bandelier reported on the Casas Grandes structures in some detail, and called attention to some "artificial platforms," one of which has now been identified as a truncated pyramid. He mentioned rumors he had heard of a copper turtle seen at Casas Grandes and said in general of the ancient monuments there: "They belong to the class of ruins which are beyond the reach of historical knowledge; but I have no doubt that, when the folklore of tribes living today at a distance from the place becomes thoroughly known, much will be revealed that may to some extent remove the veil of mystery now shrouding their past. I also venture to suggest that at the earliest possible

commemorating the heroes atop the mound after the present excavations are completed. This historic marker on an ancient structure will dramatically point up the waves of civilization that have come and gone for untold centuries in the Casas Grandes Valley.

The sequence of when the various peoples lived at the Casas Grandes site has now been established, and some rough dates can be given. But the final dates will not be announced until all of the findings of the present excavations have been studied in laboratories. The first people known to have settled there lived in pit houses, partly subterranean structures that were the earliest type of dwelling constructed in the Southwest. The pit house village was occupied sometime between A.D. 700 and 1000. Stone tools, red-on-brown pottery, and random burials have been found in it.

The pit-house villagers at Casas Grandes were southern representatives of the Mogollón culture that was located mainly in west-central New Mexico and east-central Arizona. Mogollón peoples relied heavily on hunting, but they also had farming and pottery at an early date.

At Casas Grandes many pit houses were exposed and examined when the old village area was trenched in meter-wide trenches separated by five-meter blocks, a common



West end of church with remains of tower built in 1684 for defense against Suma Indians

date the ruins of Casas Grandes be thoroughly investigated, since excavations, if systematically conducted, cannot fail to produce valuable results."

Archaeologists scanned the site for the next seventy-five years, but no digging was done. Meanwhile, pottery lying on the surface was analyzed and found to resemble ancient ceramic wares of New Mexico and Arizona. For decades, in spite of Bandelier's observations, Casas Grandes was thought to be merely an extension of Anasazi culture.

Toward the latter part of the nineteenth century, a hole was dug for treasure in the middle of a mound Bandelier had called an "artificial platform." In 1912 the Battle of Casas Grandes, an engagement of the Madero Revolution, claimed eighty lives, and the bodies were thrown down the hole. The Mexican Government plans to erect a plaque

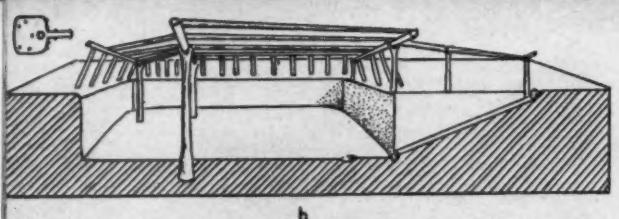


Archaeologists uncovering remains of a mass burial of victims of 1684 Indian revolt found in a sealed church room

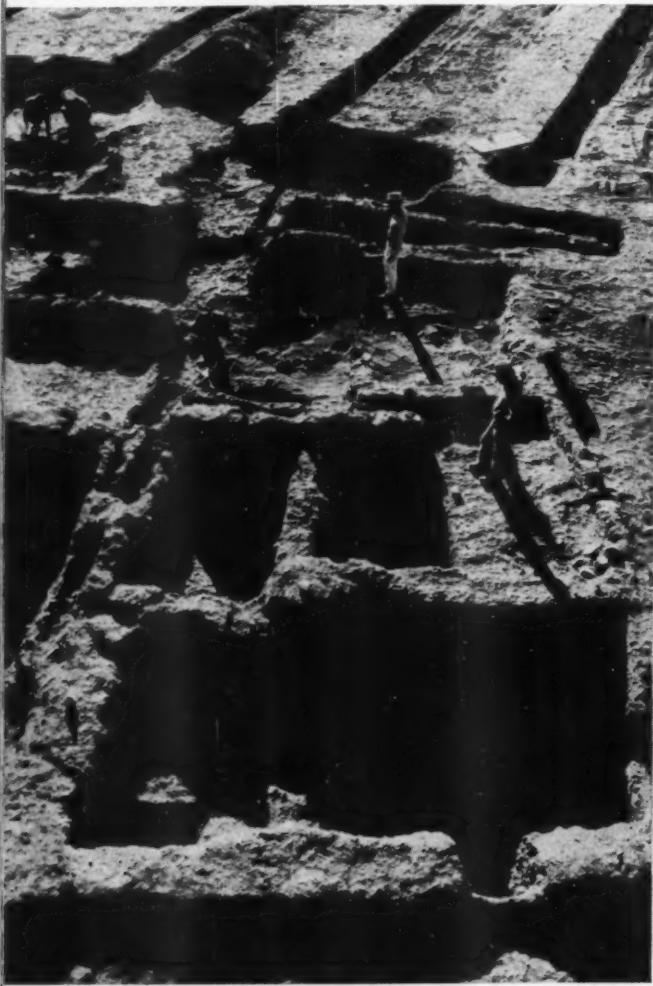
archaeological sampling technique. A circular room that was a kiva or ceremonial structure of the pit-house village has recently been excavated beside the church ruins. "It was occupied prior to A.D. 1000," DiPeso says, "and was constructed of jacal walls covered with a thin coating of adobe; the entire frame was later rounded with natural earth so that, upon completion, it looked like a low hillside; it did not contain features that we normally define as kiva traits, but it is probably very closely allied to the Mogollón 'Great Kivas.'"

We do not know what became of these pit-house dwellers of Casas Grandes. The next people to settle here were pueblo-builders, Anasazis who also came from the north; there is no evidence of the coexistence of the two groups.

The homeland of the Anasazis, since the beginning of



Suggested reconstruction of pit house from San Francisco stage of Mogollón culture in Arizona, contemporary with Mogollón pit houses at Casas Grandes



Suma Indians lived in these rectangular rooms before the Spanish arrived at Casas Grandes

Christian times, has been in the "Four Corners" region, where the boundaries of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah meet. Descendants of these people still live in about the same area. The Hopis live today in their thousand-year-old towns in Arizona, the Zuñis are in western New Mexico, and the modern Rio Grande pueblos are strung out in or near that river valley from Albuquerque to Taos. As Paul Martin wrote in *Digging into History*, "All of these present-day Indians have retained a remarkable degree of their ancient culture, and the Zuñi and

Hopi Indians are noted for their conservatism because they have effectively resisted the encroachments of European civilization. . . . Chief characteristics of Anasazi culture are farming; masonry; agglomerations of houses, often several stories high; the kiva, . . . altars; sand-paintings; priestly offices; elaborate rituals and symbolisms; special public dances performed by kachinas; mother-line descent (probably); textured or corrugated grayish cooking pottery; decorated pottery with a gray or white background and designs in black paint; and decorated pottery of a polychrome and glazed type."

The Pueblo occupants of Casas Grandes built adobe houses, the remains of which can be seen today. They undoubtedly lived much as did their contemporaries along the Rio Grande. Their main staple was corn, but they raised other crops too. Also, they developed an elaborate system of irrigation. The Casas Grandes River was a chief water supply, and there were springs in the hills about two miles away. A ditch that tapped this distant source and brought water into town has been unearthed.

When the Mesoamerican people moved in around the fourteenth century, they lived side by side with the Pueblos, until the time when the town was next abandoned. The Mesoamericans built stone buildings, and carried on a brisk trade with their own people to the south and with the peoples to the north as well. A number of metal objects have been found that are thought to have resulted from the southern trade. They include, oddly enough, the copper turtle that Bandelier had heard was there!

Mesoamericans are thought, too, to have brought an elaborate ceremonialism to Casas Grandes. Pyramids and ball courts in Mesoamerica—the area of pre-Columbian high cultures that extended from the Valley of Mexico in the north to Guatemala in the south—have long been associated with religious rites and games. Some activity of this sort is indicated at Casas Grandes. DiPeso doesn't discount the suggestion that human sacrifice could have occurred there.

In 1565 a Spanish historian, Baltasar de Obregón, recorded that a tribe from across the Sierra Madre had, according to legend, vanquished Casas Grandes some time before. Dr. DiPeso, who has visited remains of many ancient habitations in areas adjacent to Chihuahua, thinks they may have been the Ópata Indians of Sonora. Around the year 1660, a Franciscan friar made contact with the

Ceremonial room of pit-house village. Rotted wood leaves soft earth so post hole locations can be felt out with trowel



Sumas and reported one of their villages at the original site of the Spanish town, Casas Grandes. Diggers have found a Suma Indian Village under the church. Under this in turn, is a section of the original pit-house village.

Thus layer by layer the archaeologists are uncovering the history of Casas Grandes. There are many questions they hope to be able to answer when the evidence is all assembled.

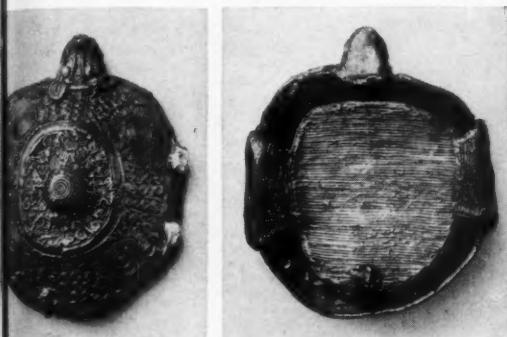
"Our problem now," says DiPeso, "is to find out whether or not the Suma Indians were descended from the original stock who built the multistoried ruin which we have been excavating. Did this simple pit-house culture create the great, later structures at Casas Grandes Valley and either absorb these original inhabitants or push them into the hills beyond?"

People still find Casas Grandes a good place to live. As recently as the summer of 1958, eleven families occu-

are alive they absorb this radioactive isotope of carbon as a standard proportion of all the carbon in them. When they die they cease to absorb it, and it decays at a constant and known rate—its half-life is about 5,600 years. The degree of decay indicates, within a certain range of variation, the age of the wood, fiber, bone, leather, or other product of the plant or animal sample.

As the reconstruction progresses, the stream of tourists is expected to increase. The best route by car is to follow the Pan American Highway south from El Paso, Texas, or north from Chihuahua City, turning west near Gallegos. It is paved all the way. The road from Columbus is unpaved, fit only for jeeps and pick-up trucks. Once in the town of Casas Grandes, it's only a five-minute trip to the site.

The Casas Grandes Valley is predominantly a mining area; the wealth of its near-by mountains has been ex-



Copper turtle found in truncated pyramid in 1958
is evidence of trade with Mesoamerica



Red and black designs on cream background decorate these two wares common at Casas Grandes. Left: Ramos Polychrome effigy jar; right: Dublan Polychrome jar



plied the site—they lived in the ancient rooms of the pueblo, and their chickens stalked over the mounds.

"When the government evacuated them before digging began, there were lots of protests," says Dr. DiPeso. "The modern houses that were given them a few miles away were of adobe brick, but they were just not as comfortable as the puddled adobe structures built centuries ago."

Mexico declared Casas Grandes a national monument in the 1930's, but little was done then to protect the ruins. The Department of Prehistoric Monuments has begun a program of reconstruction, under the supervision of César Saenz. Mexican guards now patrol the site day and night. This prevents vandalism and helps protect the small objects unearthed.

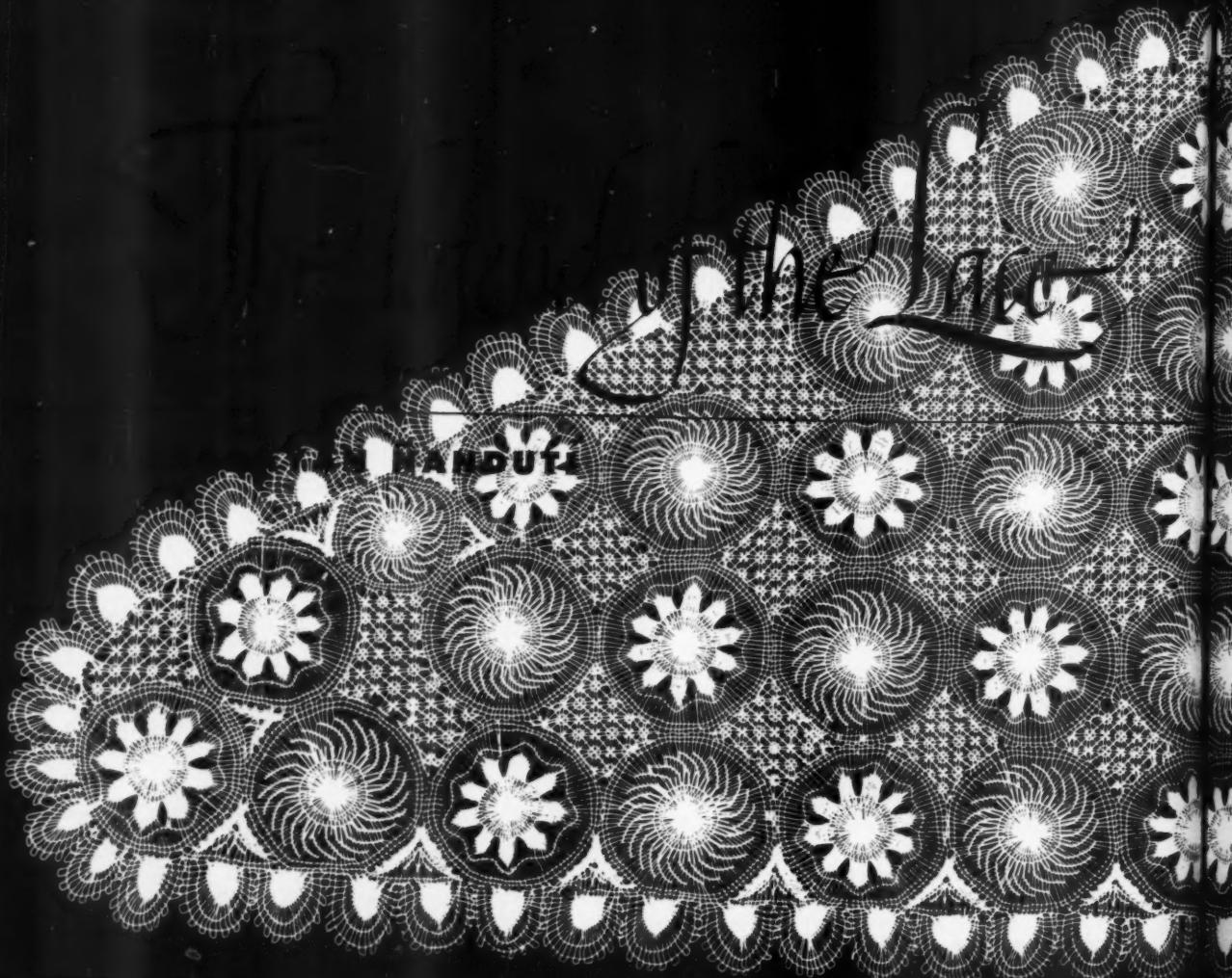
Archaeological material may not be removed from Mexico permanently, but Dr. DiPeso has arranged to send some of the wooden beams from Casas Grandes to the Laboratory of Tree-Ring Research at the University of Arizona in Tucson for study and dating. Other material will be tested for Carbon 14. When plants and animals

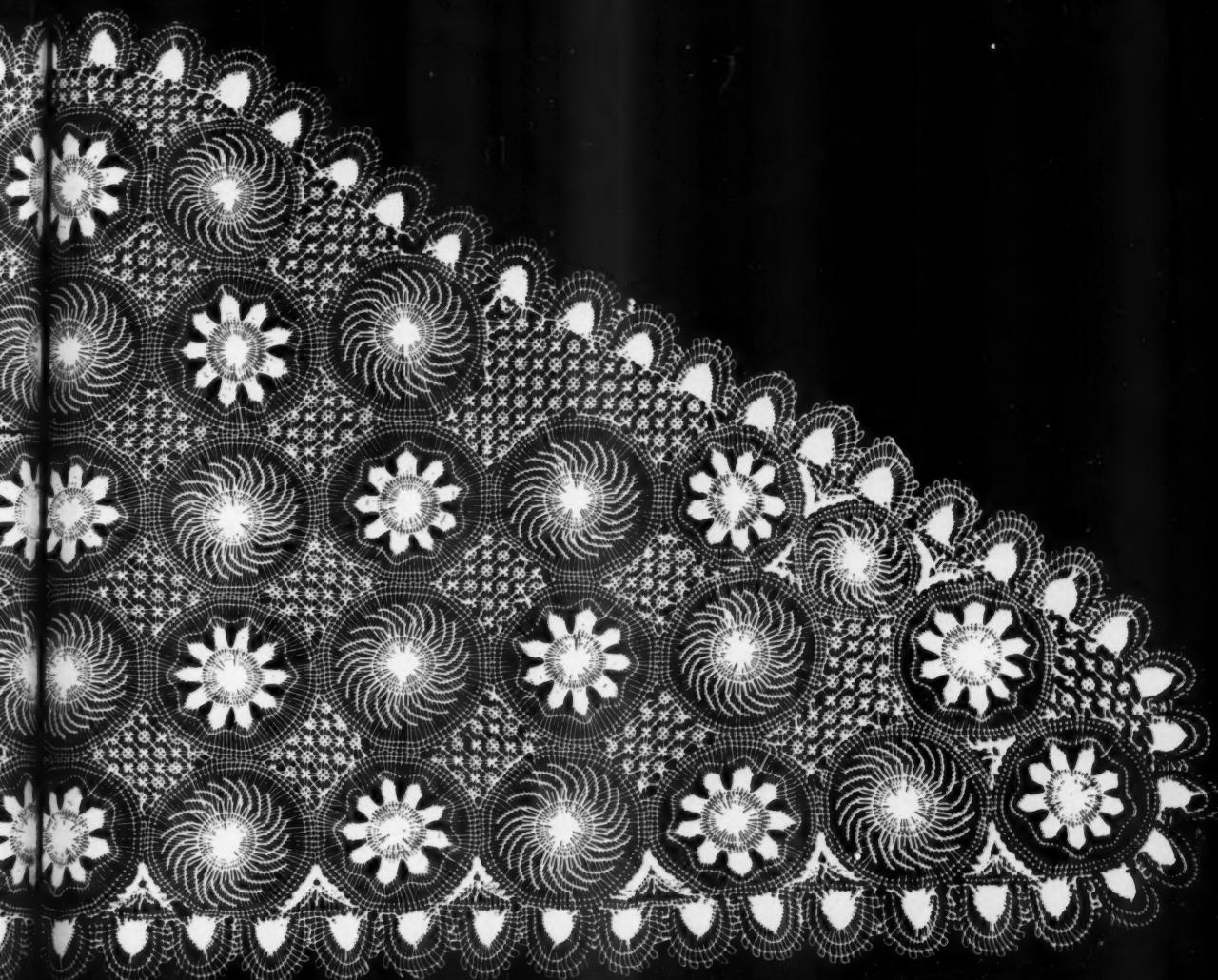
exploited for centuries. A railroad to serve the mining interests was brought into the Valley around the turn of the century. When it was built, however, it bypassed Spanish colonial Casas Grandes. A large modern city, Nuevo Casas Grandes, sprang up on its route. The expedition has an office and research center there, and some artifacts from the ruins are on display.

There are several hotels along the railroad in Nuevo Casas Grandes. One block west, north toward Colonia Dublán, is the Casas Grande Motel, a thoroughly up-to-date automobile court with a good restaurant.

An economic "boom" has hit the Casas Grandes Valley—a result of the big "dig," but nonetheless one that is expected to continue. The diggers at the ruins are local workmen, and the sponsors of the project keep wages high. Similar wages are now demanded of mine owners and other employers.

After centuries of obscurity, Casas Grandes is now taking its rightful place on the growing list of important Mexican archaeological zones. ☺





NESSIM ARDITI

AN OLD PARAGUAYAN legend recounts that two brave Guarani warriors, Yaciñemoñaré and Ñanduguazú, were rivals for the hand of the lovely and elusive Samimbí. One evening Yaciñemoñaré was walking in the woods, tortured by his love for the beautiful girl, when all of a sudden, as he looked up to Heaven to implore the aid of the god Tupa in winning the shy Indian maiden, he caught sight of the most beautiful and dazzling treasure human eyes had ever seen: high up in a great tree, shining in the silver light of the moon, was a marvelous and delicate piece of lace. At once, Yaciñemoñaré determined to climb the tree and seize this prize for the coy Samimbí.

But fate decided that Ñanduguazú, his rival, should also observe this gossamer fabric when he paused in his wanderings to rest at the foot of the same tree. He, too, determined to get it, and discovering that his rival was already ahead of him, dispatched him with a well-aimed arrow that left him dead at the foot of the tree. Unhindered then, Ñanduguazú climbed the tree; when he

grasped the object of his felony, he found in his clenched hand only a sticky and broken spider web.

His disappointment troubled him so deeply that one day his mother asked him the cause of his distress. After hearing his story, she asked her son to lead her to the tree. When they arrived, they found that another piece of lace as lovely as the first had been made in the same place. The old woman very pensively studied the patient work that had been done by the maker of this delicate piece. By imitating with her needle the comings and goings of the weaver, the radiating lines, the circles, and the rectangles traced out with artistic precision, using the fine filaments of her own silver hair, she was able to create the exquisite lace that had cost Yaciñemoñaré his life: *ñandu-atí*, which means "white hair of the spider."

Dr. Gustavo González thus describes the spider and her web: "The *Epeira socialis* is a spider that builds its home in old tree trunks in the forest. In yellow silk

stretched over a slight hollow in the bark, it draws the radii with perfect geometric accuracy, then closes the circumference, and in the exact center covers the nest of the future offspring with a tight filigree. This was the inspiration for the lace popularly known by the native word *ñandutí*, spider web."

But Dr. González' own research has demonstrated that *ñandutí* is not in fact a legacy of pre-Columbian Guarani culture, this form of fine needlework having been brought to Paraguay by the Spanish and to Brazil by the Portuguese. The chroniclers writing at the time of the Conquest make no reference to this lace, either as a native product or under the name of *ñandutí*.

Some say the technique was brought to the New World by the Jesuits; others credit the colonial ladies. One account traces the source of the technique to Flanders, whence it presumably came to Spain in the sixteenth century. Tenerife is also mentioned as the source, and that name sometimes applied to it. Spelled *Tenerife*, it

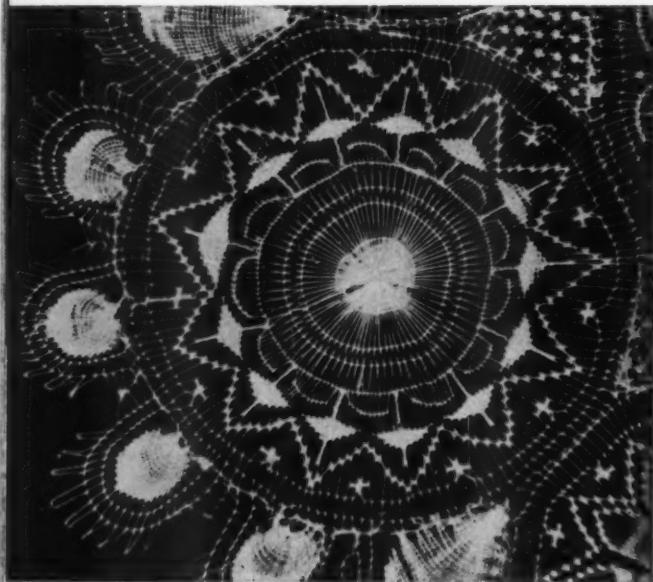
was used for a coarse imitation of the real lace, made by machine according to directions published in 1911 by a well-known sewing machine company. Today, *ñandutí* is so closely identified with Paraguay that this connection is not weakened either by the fact that some of the lace is also made in Bolivia and Brazil, or by the uncertainties surrounding its exact historical forebears.

The most probable explanation is that the Paraguayan women found their model in the web of the *Epeira*, executed the work by means of the technique learned from the Spanish women, and embellished the perfect geometric lines of the spider-web pattern with their own motifs taken from the flora and fauna of the locale—the flower of the guava tree, the flower of the Paraguayan coconut tree, corn blossoms, the feet of the *carrao* (a wading bird) and the hoofs and feet of the ox. In other cases, the principal motif is a star, the sun and its rays, or the sun reclining on its ruddy western bed.

The *ñandutí*-producing region of Paraguay is in the



Paraguayan lace maker



Portion of lace mantilla showing intricate design

rural countryside, about eighteen miles from Asunción, the capital. The town of Itauguá, founded in 1728 by Spanish and *criollo* settlers, is where almost all of the *ñanduti* for both domestic and foreign consumption is produced.

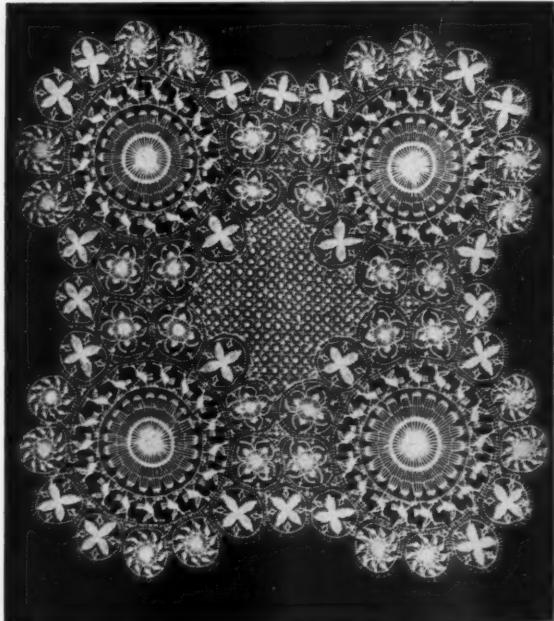
The process of making the lace starts simply enough but is extremely complicated in its later stages. A piece of muslin, or perhaps canvas, is stretched taut on a light rectangular wooden frame. On the cloth the lace maker sketches the pattern in charcoal or pencil. First the prin-

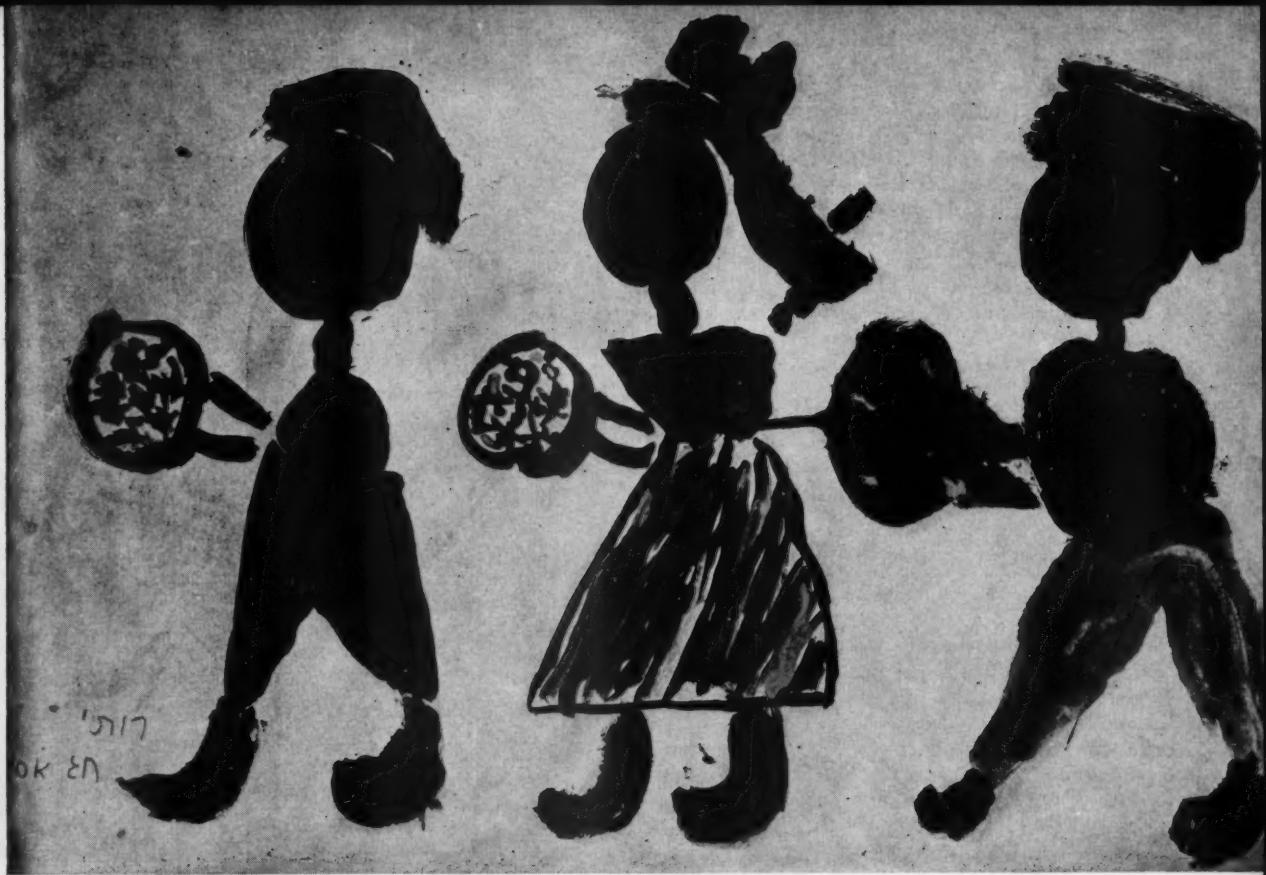
cipal outlines of the work are blocked in, then the structural motifs. Finally she draws the decorative motifs, sometimes using as many as a dozen named designs in one piece. The lace is worked with a common sewing needle and a linen thread of the desired thickness. The finest lace is made with white thread, preferably No. 16. The work done with colored thread is considered of lower quality, and is made with mercerized thread of medium gauge. As the threads are worked over the pattern to form the lace, they are tacked to the cloth at intervals to keep the lace taut.

The sun and wheel patterns are made by running the threaded needle from the circumference of a circle through the center to the opposite edge, and then back again. This step is repeated, moving around the circle until it is filled with radiating threads. Where the threads converge in the center, they are held together by whipping. Sometimes the threads are fixed in their radial position by a chain of knotted stitches that form a smaller circle within the larger one. At other times, groups of the radiating threads are drawn together and each group is held in place by a knot. Patterns of petals, stars, and other motifs are made by stitching across the radiating threads. Solid parts of the design are filled in by weaving with the threaded needle.

Once the piece is completed, the lace maker very delicately snips the tacking threads that held it firmly in place on the muslin. The finished piece is a harmonious blending of geometry and poetry that may ornament the table of the humble or the powerful, a church altar, or a rural shrine; or it may be the cuff or collar of a simple or fancy garment, or a mantilla to veil the silken brilliance of a dark face at Sunday Mass. ☰

A *ñanduti* doily





Children's art exchange made it possible for seven-year-old boy in U.S. to receive Bearing Fruits to Purim, done by Israeli boy of same age

CHILDREN'S ART GOES ABROAD

GERTRUDE ROWLAND

in international exchange

A TEN-YEAR-OLD girl in Chile uses her water colors or her crayons one day to capture on paper the snow-covered Andes, *huasos* at a rodeo, a couple dancing the *cueca*, or whatever other subject comes into her head. The result, although it may not be an artistic masterpiece, embodies a little bit of herself—her attitudes, her personality, her surroundings, and her daily life.

At the same time, a ten-year-old boy in the United States, another in Japan, and other children in a dozen other countries are doing the same thing with different subjects in different styles. Perhaps the U.S. boy is sketching a baseball game, or a family picnic in the park. Perhaps the Japanese boy is drawing a fishing scene.

Today, thanks to an organization called Art for World Friendship, the children don't have to keep their work to themselves—each can share it with one of the others, and enjoy one of the others' pictures in return. All that is necessary is for their teachers or leaders to send the pictures to the international headquarters of this first and largest children's art exchange program in the world.

Last year alone, twenty-six thousand pictures were exchanged between children of forty-five nations. The rules of the program are simple: children of any age, and of any country, regardless of race, politics, or religion, may participate. The objective is to promote not only understanding and good will among the children of the world (and incidentally the adults) but also the individual development of each child.

The person who conceived the idea of Art for World Friendship and who has nurtured it to its present proportions is Mrs. Maude Muller. International headquarters for the organization is Friendly Acres, her home at Media, Pennsylvania. In 1947 Mrs. Muller, representing the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, attended the first national conference of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO in Philadelphia. A speaker there suggested that ways should be sought to help artists of the world exchange their work; Mrs. Muller decided right then that since attitudes of understanding and tolerance must be fostered at an age when minds are still relatively free from bias, she would pio-

neer in the running of an international exchange of pictures by children, about children, and between children. Art is a direct medium of international communication; through art, children can learn about each others' lives and interests, with no language barrier.

"Looking back on it, I guess I was naïve to think that the plan would work," she says modestly. The war had just ended, but in spite of all the bitterness between nations, one thousand children's pictures were exchanged that first year. Since then, thousands and thousands of children's pictures have flowed in and out of her house in an unending stream.

A small group of volunteers handles the large volume of correspondence, the sorting, and the mailing. One room has been lined with shelves to the ceiling, and as pictures come in they are sorted according to the ages of the children. It is a rule that the name, age, and address of each child be on every picture, along with the name of his country. Children may send their pictures only through a leader or teacher, and in a group such as a school class, a Scout troop, or a Sunday School class. Mrs. Muller and her workers mail back to the leader a picture, done by a child the same age, for each child in the group. If a child asks for a picture from a special country, they try to comply. Otherwise, foreign children receive half American pictures and half foreign. Children who live in the United States receive all foreign pictures. There is just one limitation on the subjects of the pictures—they must not deal with war.



Salvadorian deaf-mute with no formal art training participates in the program although he is twenty-five

For the first few years no fee was charged, but in order to help cover expenses, a fee of two to five dollars for each batch (depending on the number of pictures) is now asked from every participating group in the United States that can afford to pay it. No fee is asked of foreign groups. In fact, art materials, paper and crayons, and in a few instances brushes and dry paints, have been sent free to them whenever requested.

A teacher in Japan writes—"Many pictures are sleeping in a box until I can get together the necessary postage." In cases like this the committee mails back inter-



Mrs. Maude Muller, Art for World Friendship founder, shows some pictures to a visitor

national stamp coupons, which are good in any country. They prefer to send pictures flat, but children often like to draw very large pictures. These must be rolled up in corrugated paper.

"This exchanging of pictures is not a cold, formal thing," Mrs. Muller explained. "It often leads to an understanding of the needs of others."

She told how her group tries to be good neighbors to their new foreign friends. They have managed, from time to time, to fulfill requests not only for art supplies, but for seeds, children's books, sheet music, dolls, shoes, butter, and cheese as well.

The pictures are often so good and so interesting to children and adults alike that many exhibitions of children's Art for World Friendship have been held. Two thousand delegates from thirty countries visited one at the International Recreation Congress in Philadelphia last September, and a year ago the Philadelphia Museum of Art had a large exhibition that lasted three weeks and drew four thousand people. Smaller shows of thirty or forty pictures go on all the time in banks, schools, and community centers in various cities throughout the world. At present, Australia is planning a large traveling international exhibit of children's art, and England just had one. The exhibits are never on a competitive basis and no ribbons or awards of any kind are given.

The talent displayed by very young children is often amazing. They show not only freshness and originality, but a wonderful sense of color and design. The very

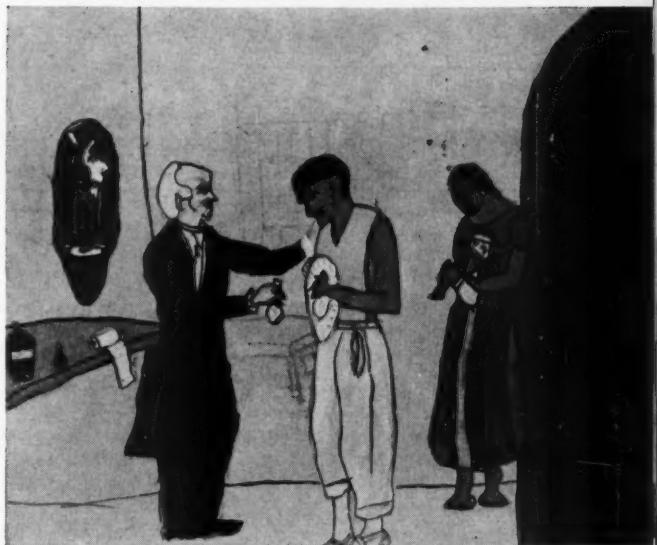
youngest children seem to like to draw pictures of themselves—"Me" pictures, as Mrs. Muller calls them. Older children usually like to draw pictures of things they enjoy doing, and there are many pictures of picnics, swimming, fishing, or children playing games. Although the subjects of two pictures may be the same, national characteristics give a distinctive flavor. For instance, a picture from Burma showed a family picnic; the parents were squatting on their heels, in Oriental style, and in the background a farmer was ploughing his fields with oxen.

A class of twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys in a school in Holland did a series of twelve pictures in mural form telling the story of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It was interesting to note that Snow White wore wooden shoes and had the sturdy blonde beauty of a little Dutch girl. A picture of a street scene done by a five-year-old Japanese boy showed a very modern approach to color and design, but it caught amazingly well the atmosphere of a crowded Oriental city.

Although in most cases participation in Art for World Friendship is through local groups without official support in their countries, in some nations (Denmark, Holland, Germany, and Israel) the Ministers of Education have given their active support and are publicizing it. The U. S. State Department backs the program, and a spokesman has made this comment about it: "Through Art for World Friendship, art can travel further, meet and make more friends, work harder for peace, than its creators could ever do personally." Mrs. Muller recently received a citation from the U. S. Information Agency's People-to-People program.

In addition to the United States the following Western Hemisphere nations are represented in the exchange: Canada, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Chile, Mexico, and Paraguay. Argentina may soon be represented, and Mrs. Muller is anxious to have groups from other American nations affiliate.

The list of sponsors for Art for World Friendship includes such distinguished names as Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, Nobel Prize winner Emily Green Balch, Clarence Pickett, and Dr. H. A. Overstreet. It also includes the ambassadors of several nations.



Life of Padre Hidalgo, by thirteen-year-old Mexican girl, depicts historical theme in rich colors



Swaying palms predominate in work by fifteen-year-old picture swapper from the Gold Coast, Africa

Two years ago, on a trip to Europe, Mrs. Muller met many of the children who had been contributing their art work, and made many new friends and contacts.

Mrs. Muller said that the Minister of Education in Ireland was so impressed with the creative talent displayed in the children's pictures she showed him that he said he regretted that art had been supplanted by Gaelic language courses in all the free schools of Ireland. He assured her that he was going to try to correct this situation. Six months later, she received a letter from him saying he had done so.

As Maude Muller has put it, "The art of the small child and his adolescent brother have much to do in shaping the future of the world." This concept is also at the heart of the Art for World Friendship motto: "In hearts too young for enmity there lies the hope to make men free." ☐



Nine-year-old youngster in Holland sent abroad a drawing that is a little bit of his native land

THE OAS

IN ACTION

DOMINICAN CASE

On June 8, the Inter-American Peace Committee reported to the OAS Council on its investigation of the charge brought by Venezuela on February 8, of "flagrant violations of human rights by the Government of the Dominican Republic, which are aggravating tensions in the Caribbean." During its study of the matter, witnesses were heard in Washington, inasmuch as the Dominican Republic declined to grant permission for the Committee to carry on its inquiry there.

The report stated: "On the basis of the evidence which it has been able to gather, the Committee has reached the conclusion that international tensions in the Caribbean have been aggravated by flagrant and widespread violations of human rights which have been committed and continue to be committed in the Dominican Republic. Among these violations, mention must be made of the denial of free assembly and of free speech, arbitrary arrest, cruel and inhuman treatment of political prisoners, and the use of intimidation and terror as political weapons. Some of the victims of these grave acts appeared before the Committee and made statements. These acts constitute the denial of fundamental rights set forth in the American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man, as well as of principles of the Charter of the Organization of American States. . . . The Committee stresses the fact that international tensions in the Caribbean area, far from diminishing, have been increased and that, in its views, these tensions will continue to increase so long as the flagrant violations of human rights in the Dominican Republic persist."

At the next meeting of the Council, on June 22, the Dominican Ambassador to the OAS presented a long paper giving his government's criticism of the Peace Committee's action. It declared, "As a result of analysis of the method followed by the Committee in the preparation of this report, as well as of the exercise of its powers in this case in the light of the terms of Resolution IV of the Fifth Meeting of Consultation and of the statute of the Peace Committee in force, and finally of the way the Committee has utilized the available evidence and the terms employed in the said report to refer to a sovereign State, the Government of the Dominican Republic feels it must energetically

protest that document and does not hesitate to say that the pronouncement amounts to an intervention in the internal affairs of the Dominican Republic and an affront unjustly inflicted upon the dignity of the Dominican nation."

ECONOMIC COOPERATION

The nine-member subcommittee of the Committee of Twenty-one on new measures for economic cooperation has prepared three reports for the guidance of the full group, which is to meet in August. With regard to the financing of development, the subcommittee found general agreement on a) the importance of efforts to make the practices of national and international credit institutions more flexible; b) the necessity of preventing excessive fluctuation in the net flow of public capital to Latin America, by maintaining it at an adequate level, especially during periods when the prices of Latin American export products are depressed; c) the advantage of the Inter-American Development Bank's having recourse to the capital markets of the United States and other countries that export capital and of the Latin American countries as well; and d) the advisability of making income from the Bank's securities tax-free. Most of the representatives maintained that the credit agencies should bear in mind the possibility of overproduction of basic American export items when granting loans for development in other parts of the world. The view was expressed that Europe should contribute more heavily to the financing of Latin American progress, and that European trade restrictions and discriminatory measures injurious to Latin America should be abolished.

The group gave renewed backing to the proposal for a training center on administration of agricultural credit programs. It made several suggestions on ways to raise nutritional standards, including establishment of fish farming and urged extensive reorganization of the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, to give it more direct contact with national problems and decentralize training. Other recommendations dealt with literacy programs and technical education. One report covered national and international measures for stabilizing trade in basic products.



FIT FOR A KING

RUTH HARMER

ON THE eastern slope of Monte Albán mountain in Oaxaca State, Mexico, in 1932, a crew of archaeological workers and research men under the direction of Dr. Alfonso Caso unearthed one of the most important treasures yet discovered in the Americas.

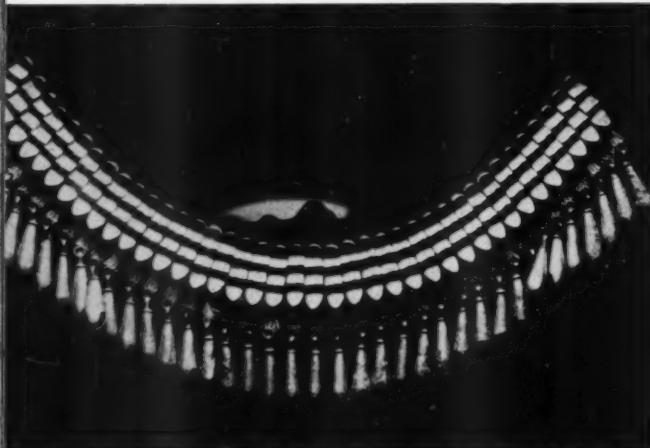
In the tomb of a fifteenth-century Mixtec chief they found a collection of delicately worked gold, silver, alabaster, jade, turquoise, and carved bone. The Monte Albán jewels—the principal and most remarkable find—have attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors to the museum in the nearby city of Oaxaca, and recently millions of Europeans turned out to see them during a traveling show.

Aside from their extraordinary historical and artistic value, the breastplates, pendants, earplugs, necklaces, rings, bracelets, and pins have been of great interest because, along with some pieces that are of beaten gold, they include the most perfect products of the "lost wax process." This complicated method of casting metals produces great delicacy of detail. Pre-Columbian goldsmiths were masters of the technique, and it has now been revived in the United States and elsewhere, with some modern modifications, by jewelers turning out first-quality products. Near Monte Albán, in several little home-factories that have only the simplest equipment, it continues to be practiced as a fine art. Not long ago a New York jeweler summed up the amazement shared by most persons who have seen some of the finest replicas made by Jorge Cortés Domínguez, one of the leading craftsmen, with: "I don't believe it."

Gold pendant from Monte Albán Tomb 7 shows figures from Mixtec mythology. Top panel represents two gods contending on ball court



Jorge Cortés solders small decorative bell to a larger jewel that has been successfully cast



Original gold necklace. Angular geometric design of beads contrasts with roundness of bells

He would have been even more incredulous if he had seen the workshop of Cortés in a dilapidated building shared by a number of families near the railroad station. A dark little room opening on a patio serves as family kitchen, dining room, and sitting room as well as work room. There Cortés and two male assistants, working with a plumber's torch, some batteries, pincers, and a metal lathe and polisher, are casting and soldering the exquisite items in silver and gold. Two young women, in a corner of the bedroom, are working with needles and pins on the delicate task of making the wax forms.

The process is extremely detailed, time-consuming, and wasteful, since only a modest proportion of the jewels leave the mold in perfect condition. And in Cortés' shop, unlike modern factories that use plastic forms and highly developed machines, each time a piece is made the process must be started over again from the beginning.



Today razor blade is used to trim wax mask that covers basic gesso model of jewel that is about to be cast

Working from photos of the jewels and careful measurements, a clear model of the basic shape of the piece being produced is made in gesso. This form is then covered with a thin mask of wax. After that has hardened slightly, the two young women fashion the intricate decorations out of wax, using a needle or a common pin to sculpture the thousands of tiny waxy "wires" and other forms that account for the elaborate adornments. The pieces are placed in proper position on the wax-covered

Gold pectoral from Tomb 7 represents Mictlantecuhtli, god of the dead. It is 4½ inches tall, weighs nearly four ounces



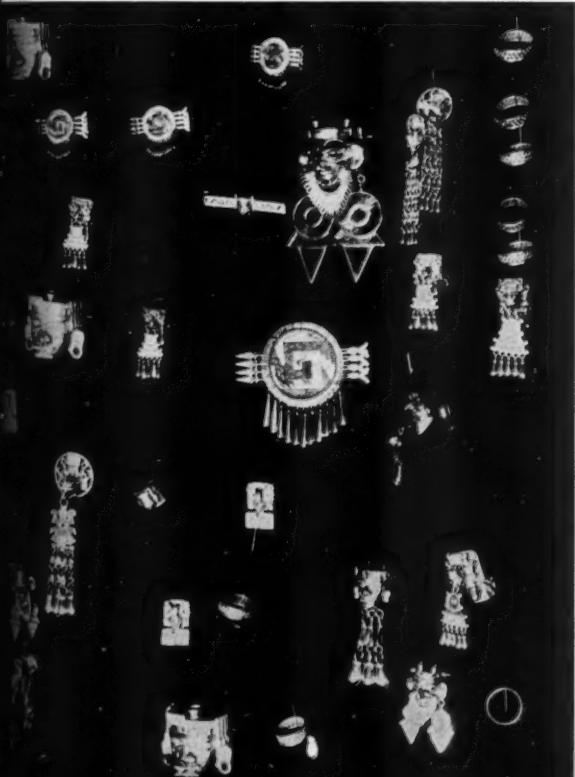


Delicate job of adding fine ornamental details is done with pins and needles

model, and a cylindrical wax protuberance is affixed to its base so that a passage will be left for the metal.

After the wax has hardened overnight, it is covered with an outer coating of gesso, the whole thing is placed in a cylinder, and it is permitted to harden for about three days more. The cylinder is then heated very slowly to prevent cracking and very thoroughly so that all of the wax will melt and flow out through the canal at the base. Then gold or silver is melted with the blow torch

Jewels made by Cortés. Many are smaller than originals, for use as cuff-links, earrings, or other modern adornments



Apprentice heats earring in final polishing process. Bowl and battery in background are used for acid bath

and forced in through the canal to occupy the thin space between the gesso base and the gesso sheath that covered the wax.

The mold is broken when the metal has had time to "set" and the jewel is removed from its case. Frequently, the piece is imperfect: because of the delicacy of the operation and the primitive tools, the metal may not have been forced in sufficiently to cover the mold; occasionally the wax does not entirely escape. In such cases, the metal is melted down and the arduous process begins all over again.

However, if the piece is considered perfect, the gesso that sometimes clings to it is scraped off and the piece is smoothed. Additional parts—bells and other items—are affixed to the basic jewel with a soldering iron. To smooth off the solder, the piece is then soaked in a dilute solution of sulfuric acid through which an electric current, from two flashlight batteries, is passed.

The next step is to remove the piece and brush it with wire brushes. It is then immersed in deadly potassium cyanide containing a little dissolved gold. Even the solid gold pieces are thus slightly replated, and the minute high spots and low spots in the surface are leveled to give a smoother surface and a higher lustre. Finally, the pieces are polished and are then ready for display—after almost four days of complex and complicated labor.

Although Cortés could undoubtedly become rich by utilizing the short cuts that are customary in some other factories—forms, machines, and assembly lines—he prefers the old ways. He is an artist who will not compromise although his art objects are for ordinary folk rather than a Mixtec king.

Holding his magnifying glass over a machine-made pin and one of his own, he looks up proudly. "This," he nods at the former, "is a pretty pin. This," he says of his own, "is a true Monte Albán jewel." ☐

the eyes of a gaucho

*Memoirs of a
Uruguayan Childhood*

A. SALSAMENDI

ONE DAY after lunch my father took me for a ride in the country, and somewhere we stopped and got out, and he talked to me about quail hunting. He spoke simply, without the emphasis he always used when telling about some deal he had made at the Stock Exchange. Now he was care-free and assured, without the imposing severity of his high starched collar. To me this was a new side of his personality.

Later I thought of the many stories I had heard of my father running barefoot through the fields to school and eating sorrel he would find after the rain. And there were many others about the days when he was manager of various ranches, so big that it took more than a day to ride around their boundaries. I realized then that when he spoke of these things he was caught by the enchantment of the outdoors, and just the mention of them made his face and eyes light up.

He went through many of these tales again one evening a few days later, but this time they had a special meaning for me. When he finished talking he remained pensive for a time, while he fitted a cigarette of black tobacco into the holder, made out of a wolf's fang, that my mother had given him for his last birthday.

"Would you like to go to a colt-breaking next Sunday?" he asked me. I accepted with delight. The next Sunday marked the beginning of Holy Week, which was beginning to be called "Tourist Week" in Montevideo. In those seven days, while many people were observing the Christian feasts, many other Uruguayans observed a local tradition with almost mystical fervor. In this celebration, a mass emotional homage was paid to the gaucho, whom the laws, fences, individual land ownership, and progress had almost made extinct.

On Sunday I got up very early. I was going to see at close range, for the first time, some of those beings of whom I had read so much, and heard so much from my father.

Just as the bullfight is a ritual and a festival, a colt-breaking was that for us, more crude and primitive, of course, but at the same time closely related to the history of our country.

A white fence marked off a huge circle of recently cut pasture that shone like an emerald. Tiers of seats surrounded it. A crowd of people was making its way along a dirt path, raising brown dust, heading for the ticket office; they passed a row of eucalyptus trees that filled the air with the refreshing fragrance of an old pharmacy. As I walked, my shoes crushed the fallen fruits of the eucalyptus, which are conical and a kind of antique gray color, as though they had been painted by gnomes from the woods. To my left was the road, where the heavy traffic was being directed by mounted police; and to my right, behind the eucalyptus trees, a curtain made of sacks

carefully sewn together, hanging from a high wire, prevented those who had not bought tickets from watching the spectacle.

In the aisles and around the bleachers, vendors walked about shouting their wares—balloons, soft drinks, Swiss chocolates, and caramels.

We sat on very hard wooden chairs, and from there I got my first sight of a group of gauchos. They wore big soft hats, put on backward, showing the kerchiefs that kept the long hair that fell to their shoulders off their faces. The oldest ones had long mustaches that blended into their long black beards. The hats were held in place by chin straps worn between the lower lip and the chin. The youngest ones were clean-shaven. The men's faces were dry and their skin tanned by countless days of sun, wind and rain. They wore dark jackets, open shirts embroidered in silk with colored flowers, and large bandanas knotted at the throat; wide leather belts, decorated with old coins, held up the loose trousers that disappeared into low boots with enormous spurs.

A long dagger, its hilt and sheath made of gold and silver, was worn in back, shoved diagonally under the belt. From the left wrist loosely dangled a long whip made of broad leather strips.

They rode spirited *criollo* horses, short in the croup, small, nervous and prancing as if they understood the importance of the spectacle; some had bridles decorated with silver and gold, their high saddles resting on lamb skins. From each saddle hung a lasso or a bolo.

Standing together near the enclosure, the colts of the day waited with parted lips and frightened eyes. Nearby a pot of water was heating over a fire, and around it gauchos were drinking maté in silence. Most of them were squatting on their heels, though the oldest were seated on the grass. Occasionally, other groups formed around someone who had started to play a guitar.

One old man attracted my attention by his quiet, serene dignity. He stood alone, awaiting the beginning of the spectacle in that enormous enclosure that was usually a show ring for cattle and sheep but was now transformed into the sanctuary of tradition, liberty, and manliness.

At last the gates were thrown open; a colt, uncertain and snorting, trotted around the ring until caught by a lasso. He reared up, fighting the rope that held him in a grip as strong as steel. A group of hands managed to tie him to a post, blindfold him, and saddle him.

The first rider mounted this beautiful fury. The blindfold was removed, and the colt released.

My father jumped to his feet with a loud, long, guttural cry.

The colt's back arched, his head went between his forelegs, and he bounced from the earth as though made of rubber, trying at every opportunity to bite the tips of the

rider's boots. The spurs dug into the sides of the animal while the whip landed implacably, first on the right flank and then on the left, in a rhythm that the leaps of the animal could not break. The gaucho's left hand held the reins that controlled the bit, which the colt rejected as violently as he did the weight of the man on his back.

The jumping stopped, and the colt stood trembling. Suddenly he raced madly toward the fence, where he intended to smash the rider, but the pull of the reins forced him to change direction, and the deadly rush was foreshadowed. The blows of the whip continued to fall, apparently each time more heavily; the cracks could be heard in the stands and the audience shouted its approval of the rider who still kept his seat; he had lost his kerchief and hat, and his shirt, full of air, stood out from his shoulders like a white balloon.

The colt stopped abruptly and the rider pitched forward, but he regained his balance, and the shouts and applause of the crowd filled the air. The colt appeared to stop for a moment's reflection, and then without warning threw himself on his side in order to crush the man. As the horse rolled over, the man neatly jumped clear, to land on his feet and wait for his mount to get up, then without even laying a hand on the saddle he was back on the horse in one leap.

Everyone shouted; I too, for the first time, yelled my heart out, and I clapped until my hands were red and my arms tired.

At last the colt obeyed the reins. Three times they circled the ring, at a gallop, at a trot, and at a walk, while the rider patted the animal's sweaty head.

The gaucho dismounted without looking at the crowd that was giving him an ovation, walked over to a spot near us as if nothing had happened, and continued drinking his maté.

Other colts followed the first, more or less wild and ridden with varying degrees of skill.

Between the first and second parts of the program, a man dressed like Charlie Chaplin and mounted on a burro amused us with his crazy antics.

My forehead was damp and my throat dry. My father bought me caramels and little hard candy balls that I could never let dissolve in my mouth because I always

had the urge to crush them with my teeth and was never happy until I had succeeded. When I had done so, I felt I had won a battle.

After some minutes of silence, my father began to explain to me why the gauchos dressed in their special way, and to teach me the names of the various parts of the gear. He spoke with great enthusiasm. He caught sight of the old gaucho who had previously attracted my attention, and said: "I don't know where I've seen it, but that man's face is very familiar."

I confess I did not believe him, and thought it was just one of those things one says for effect.

"He sits his horse very well."

"Who?" I asked.

"That old man." Papa frowned, trying to recall something.

I didn't pay much attention.

The second part of the program began. A chestnut colt, with a shining coat and such strength that it took twice the usual number of hands to saddle him, caught the attention of the crowd. He threw his rider with his first jump. He was so beautiful in his violence that he was caught again; a second rider mounted him. The adjustment of the cinch was carefully checked; the rider gave a signal, the men jumped aside and the colt began to buck and bite and to run like one possessed. He made a dash for the barricade, and some people jumped to their feet in excitement. Papa shook his head and clenched his teeth, while the old man, who up to now had stayed outside the ring, jumped his horse over the barricade and watched the rider tensely. The colt returned to the center of the enclosure and bolted toward the place where we were sitting.

"If he doesn't jump, he'll be killed!" my father shouted, rising to his feet.

The rider didn't jump and a moment later he was thrown off to the animal's left, while his foot stayed caught in the stirrup. The colt, terrified now, continued at full speed. A man threw a lasso, the colt reared up, tossing his head back, and the lasso fell short. Another lasso missed. The rider tried to protect his face with his hands and arms. Someone shouted: "Leave it to me!" It was the old man, who had dug his spurs into his horse.



No one dared stop him. He was heading for the colt at a quick trot, and to the horror of the crowd, he let fly his bola at the runaway.

My father smiled. "It's Anastasio!" he said, "don't be afraid."

The colt went down, falling on the side away from the dangling rider. His two front feet were caught in the bola.

An ambulance came into the ring and took the rider away. The public burst into prolonged applause, and the old man returned to his corner after jumping the barricade, as if nothing had happened, detaching himself from the spontaneous homage being paid him.

My father rose. "Let's go," he said, "that old man is Anastasio." I didn't hear him well and furthermore I didn't understand much of what he was saying. I followed him, grumbling. I wanted to keep on watching the performance, so as we walked away I turned my head to see whether they were going to play *sortija* next, a game in which the rider at full tilt must run the pole held in his right hand through a ring hanging from a thread, or whether they were getting ready to dance the *pericón*, as my father had told me the gauchos did, dancing with girls to the rhythm of guitars.

Father was walking ahead of me. The old man happened to turn his horse toward us as we approached. When he saw us, he jumped down from the saddle in a flash and took off his hat. Father was visibly moved: "Anastasio!" he said. While they shook hands, Anastasio answered "Patrón!"

His hair and his beard were as white as cotton. His thick mustache was gray, and his eyebrows nearly black.

My attention was caught by the maté cup that hung from his belt, along with a silver drinking tube and a long rectangular leather apron, the *culero*, that fell to his right foot.

The two men did not let go their grip or speak. At last my father said: "Son, this is Anastasio, of whom I've told you so many stories." It was true, I had heard so many stories of him that I did not believe he could ever have existed. He had been foreman of a ranch my father had managed many, many years before.

Anastasio fixed his brilliant black eyes on me, and took my hand in his enormous, powerful, rough, and wrinkled one.

Anastasio was studying me. My father had told me that nothing escaped those eyes. Anastasio knew as well as the best, or better, all the skills of the countryside, including how to cure bulls with screw worms, when the veterinarian had given them up, by the magic of "turning their footprints over." He cured the wounded in the local civil wars who had been gashed by knives or lances, using bread soaked in tepid milk, and he even knew how to cure ringworm by writing the name of the patient, in ink, on his belt. He also used to hunt wild pigs with my father, in the mountains, and at twenty paces he could split a revolver bullet in half against the blade of a knife, with its hilt buried in the ground and a board placed in back of it to show the twin marks.

My father talked with Anastasio about old times and Anastasio's eyes burned like fire; he had a deep, rich

voice, and spoke with the slow, musical accent of the people from the interior of the country.

It took me a while to get accustomed to the idea that I was face to face with Anastasio; I knew he was a kind of living encyclopedia, with the crude but nonetheless real philosophy my father had learned to respect during the years when he worked and fought against nature, which is not always kind in my country.

The fact that Anastasio was looking at me so inquisitively had made me nervous. Before him, I felt completely unarmed. He was of the stuff of legendary heroes, as the Cid or Siegfried was to me as a child; those who never hesitated in the face of danger and who met it without fear. I had faced man-made dangers a few times, and, although I had been more or less successful in all these tests, I had been afraid, very much afraid.

Now I feared Anastasio would discover my secret.

I was much surprised to see the respect and admiration that Anastasio felt for my father; the admiration of man for man, not the kind I felt for him.

"Your son, *patrón*?" Anastasio asked.

"My youngest," my father answered.

I felt very badly when Anastasio was told that I didn't know how to ride a horse and that I hardly touched maté, although my father was very fond of it and it pleased him to hear me say that those who drank it were "tough."

Anastasio continued to examine me.

"*Patrón*," he said, "you know that the devil knows a lot because he's the devil, but he knows more because he's old."

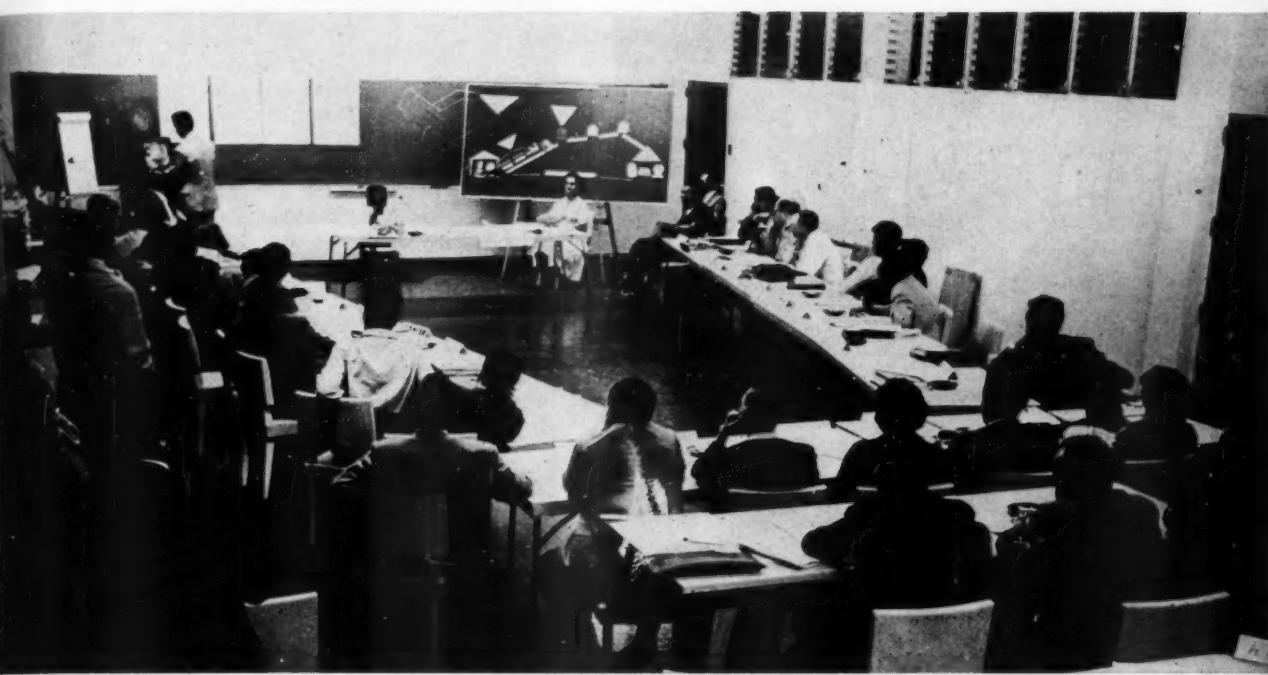
My father laughed in agreement.

"This is a good boy, but green, and must be toughened up before it's too late," he added. "You know that I understand 'Christians' as well as I do horses and this boy is self-satisfied, and ought to take more interest in other people. His face doesn't show any appreciation for all that the good Lord and you have done for him. I would teach him, *patrón*, that when things don't come out well for us, it is because we have done something that was not right, not because others have tried to harm us. Forgive me for saying so, but it shows in his eyes. And you," he said, turning to me, "must make yourself strong and learn."

My father had stopped smiling, and my blood ran cold in my veins; nevertheless, I did not feel angry, or annoyed, or resentful. For the first time someone had told me, man to man, a series of unflattering things, and the worst of it was that I recognized that Anastasio had spoken the truth.

I returned home and locked myself in my room. Slowly I put back on the shelves the books of poetry and gaucho history. I was afraid of those eyes like beams of light that could see into the soul. I was afraid they would see something even worse in me, and then I would be nothing. If I lost the little confidence I had in myself what would become of me? How tempted I was to give way to the deep suffering of my anguish—but if I did, what would be left of the one who had been told to "make yourself strong and learn"? ☺

getting the word across



First ADECO session in Costa Rica drew thirty agricultural extension experts from Latin American countries

New skills for agricultural extension agents

H. CALVERT ANDERSON

IT IS NOT ENOUGH for an agricultural extension agent to be technically competent—if he is to do his job he needs special skills to make himself understood and accepted by the farmers he is supposed to serve. In short, he must know how to communicate effectively.

For this purpose, a "Train-the-Trainer" program had been developed and presented throughout the United States by the National Project in Agricultural Communications at Michigan State University, sponsored by the Kellogg Foundation. It was based on the concept that selected teams from state extension offices should receive the training as a group and then pass it on to the ultimate users—county agents in their home states.

To teach these skills to agricultural extension agents throughout Latin America, a small program with large ramifications has recently been successfully transplanted from the United States and adapted to Latin American needs.

It happened this way. In September 1956, a "Train-

the-Trainer" session in the state of Georgia was attended by two officials of the Scientific Communications Service of the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica: Rogelio Coto M., and Juan Diaz Bordenave. They immediately figured that if human communications skills could be transmitted from a national to state level within the United States, this could be done on an international to country level in Latin America. They set out to do something about it.

After they convinced their immediate superiors that the idea had merit, it received the blessing of a joint conference held by representatives of the Agricultural Institute, the U.S. International Cooperation Administration (ICA), and OAS Technical Cooperation Project 39. The Institute made available funds that had been left over from a completed contract with ICA. Now all that was needed was a name, some people, and some hard work.

"Adiestramiento de Extensionistas en Comunicaciones"

was chosen as the name—a bit more cumbersome than "Train-the-Trainer," but not when you condense it, as was soon done, to ADECO.

Porfirio Gómez, former director of extension and director general of agriculture in his native Panama, was selected to head the first ADECO course. He and a few others were sent to the United States to study the program firsthand. Their first job, when these leaders returned to



Participants get together socially to share ideas. Colombian Raúl Montenegro, registrar at Institute of Agricultural Sciences (second from right), chats with Brazilian, Colombian, and Ecuadorian students

Costa Rica, was to translate the teaching materials and adapt them to Latin American needs and cultures. Training guides, motion pictures, film strips, reference works, flip charts, and flannelgraphs all had to be made.

Much of the impact of "Train-the-Trainer" depends on the effective use of the process of group dynamics in promoting learning. This modern method of teaching is an innovation in much of Latin America where the very formal lecture with little interchange between professor and students is the standard of instruction.

Because ADECO would do much to introduce group-dynamics teaching into the thinking of Latin America, it was felt that the first ADECO instructional team must be well grounded in the use of the technique. Therefore Dr. Lawrence Borosage and Dr. Archibald Haller were brought from Michigan State University for an intensive two-week session with the Institute staff members on the process of group action.

The first ADECO course was set for January 1960 at the University of Costa Rica in San José. Announcement was sent through the ICA missions to all countries of Latin America and a limit of thirty persons placed on the first presentation. As the months of 1959 rolled by, the pace of preparation of materials constantly increased until it reached a screaming crescendo in December. In the Scientific Communications Service, secretaries and technicians alike played invisible "movie star" roles in voicing the Spanish sound track for the

training films. Stanley Bolandi, a farm radio broadcaster, worked over his recording instruments for two days with an ice pack strapped to his stomach to ward off what appeared to be an attack of appendicitis. Later it turned out to be tropical amoebas, but there was no time to stop and find out. Luis Daell, one of the artists who helped prepare the flannelgraph presentations, did silk-screen processing in the garage of his home for five days with only a few hours' sleep and handfuls of anti-sleeping pills.

Throughout the adaptation process, consultants and advisors from the United States constantly pressed for sweeping changes, extensive adaptation. But the Latin technicians made their own decisions. ADECO was based on human behaviour, and human behaviour is much the same the world over. The men in charge of production of ADECO were disregarding the advice of their trusted and respected professors at colleges and universities in the United States. The pupil was defying the teacher. But the pupil had the courage of his convictions, he trusted his own instinct for his own people—and the pupil was right.

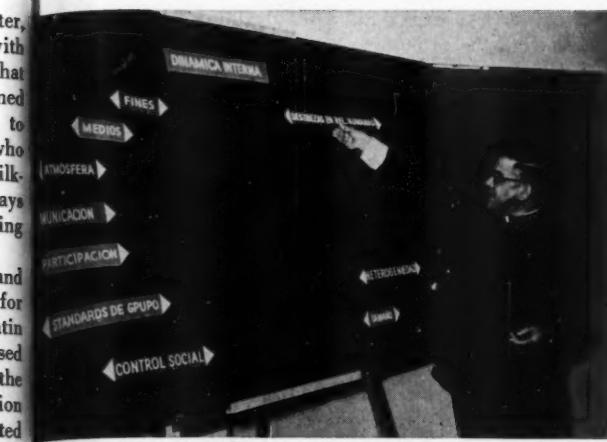
With everything ready, training teams from Honduras, Panama, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Brazil, and Colombia arrived in January to receive the first ADECO training in Latin America. The Institute itself entered a team of six persons, two of them from the Southern Zone Office

Students test out ideas and solve specific problems in small working groups



Rogelio Coto, right, and Dr. Ralph H. Alee, then Institute Director, addressed opening session





Father Benjamín Núñez uses flannelgraph teaching aid to get across the social concept of communications



Nicaraguan participant reports on activities of her study group to some of the other participants

of OAS Project 39 in Montevideo, Uruguay. These six were viewed as reinforcements for the teaching staff in future presentations.

Subject matter was divided into two basic areas. The first, which occupied about twenty days of the thirty-day session, dealt with fundamentals of communication. The second covered oral communications. (The broad fields of written and visual communication are covered in later ADECO units that are still being adapted and will be presented later.)

In the first unit the participants delved deeply into the theory of the learning process—problem solving, human motivation, and obstacles to learning; into the dynamics of group interaction and the varying concepts of social action; and into the communication process, the efficiency of various methods of communication, and the detailed steps in effective communication. There were lectures, demonstrations, and work groups. Background information in all of these areas was placed in the hands

of the students in printed guides and "handout materials."

The skills taught the participants in this portion of ADECO are those that are essential to people engaged in presenting an educational program to the public. They deal with audience analysis, program selection, analyzing a community to determine its leaders, its cultural patterns, and its natural channels for diffusion and adoption of new ideas.

So that this material might have immediate practical application, the group was divided by the instructors into smaller units of five persons each, carefully chosen to guarantee a variety of background and interest. Each small unit was assigned the task of studying a great mass of facts presented about a theoretical province. The job was to sift out the barriers to agricultural progress, develop solutions, determine the social and communications pattern of the province, and then prepare a plan to put the new ideas across. Each unit presented its solu-



At closing, Armando Samper (then director of regional services, now Institute Director) urges local meetings be held soon

tions to the larger group, in both written and oral form, for comment and criticism.

The second part of the program, the oral-communication section, was also presented in broad outline on the basis of four printed guides.

Here again, the underlying theories were closely combined with actual practice in preparation and presentation of talks, direction of meetings, conducting interviews, planning "home" visits and working out combinations for the most effective presentation. All of the various techniques for holding effective public meetings were analyzed and put into effect. These covered the range from "brainstorming sessions" to case analysis and social dramas.

These are the skills necessary for the extension worker to pass on new ideas to the public most effectively, and to stimulate people, individually or in groups, to action. While this training had its focal point on agricultural extension, the same skills are used in other fields such



ADECO planners compare notes with author (second from right), project leader of Institute's Scientific Communications Service as health and education.

Day after day as the first ADECO session rolled along it became evident that the program was a success. The long hours of work and preparation had paid off. Comments of the students, themselves top-ranking members of the extension-service programs in their countries, were enthusiastic. "During the time I have been working in extension," said one student, "I have had the opportunity to attend many training courses but no other has given me more satisfaction than this nor provided me with so many good ideas to improve my work in my country."

The ultimate recipient of the ADECO training is the county agricultural agent or the home demonstration agent in the field.

Immediately upon their return home, the men and women who took the training in San José in January went to work. The first group to put on a full-scale ADECO session in its own country was the Honduras team. It took advantage of the annual extension confer-

ence in March to stage a full week's training session for all forty-two of the extension agents in that country. Naturally the entire one-month session could not be duplicated, but selected parts were given and it was planned to use the remainder at future meetings. Rogelio Coto of Turrrialba, who acted as consultant for Honduras, found the session "successful in every way and well received by the local agents."

While Honduras was putting on training for all of its agents, Colombia called Porfirio Gómez to Bogotá for a high-level meeting with administrators and government officials. As a result of this session, Colombia will present a series of ten one-week meetings throughout the country for all of its agents, beginning in August.

Brazil also is planning a full-scale training effort, although the start was delayed because the Brazilian ADECO team went on to the United States for a two-month visit, following the close of the January session.

The word has spread rapidly throughout the rest of Latin America. "This is something we need as soon as we can get it" is the comment from Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia and other areas.

Tentative plans are now under way for the holding of the Second International ADECO course in Pergamino, Argentina, early in 1961. The same Institute team will spearhead the instruction, and the course will be sponsored by the Southern Zone Office of OAS Project 39. Approval is being sought for participation of ICA Point Four missions in the countries.

The first ADECO presentation in January proved several things: the basic fundamentals of human communications are much the same regardless of cultural backgrounds; patterns of social action throughout the Western world are much the same and can be transferred for training purposes; and with proper backing and willingness to work, well-conceived training programs can be adapted from one culture to another.

The road ahead for this type of training in Latin America is long and full of holes and hills. But ADECO is launched and its impact is being felt. ☺

Participants will pass communication skills acquired during course on to extension agents back home





THE STREAM THAT BRIDGES THE RIVER

Strange natural formation in Guatemala

RUSSELL H. GURNEE

IN THE HEART of Guatemala, on the Cahabón River, is a geological phenomenon known for centuries to the Indians as Semúc—a large and unusual natural bridge. The river rushes for 1,610 feet under this travertine formation of incredible beauty, which was created by a rare series of natural circumstances. Last year our small group of U.S. speleologists flew to Cobán, sixty miles north of Guatemala City, in one of the national airline's DC-3's, and traveled by jeep for six hours to Lanquín. From there two of us, led by Guatemalan geologist José Storek, and guided by four Indians, hiked about four hours to cover

the mountainous six-mile trail to this natural bridge of Alta Verapaz.

Finally the well-worn, eight-inch-wide trail led down the face of a heavily wooded limestone cliff and brought us in a few minutes to the river. Before us spread the bridge, stretching two hundred feet across the gorge of the Cahabón. It was not a bridge in the ordinary sense of the word, for there was water on top of it as well as below it. The top was covered with terraced dams, retaining pools of water that were apparently fed by a small stream from the opposite wall of the canyon. Under this



Dr. José Limeres examines drapery-like formations near Semúc, formed by calcium carbonate in water that drips from ledge above

pool-covered bridge flowed the Cahabón.

From the final dam in the series of terraces, at the downstream edge of the bridge, the water that had flowed from pool to pool cascaded over a fifty-foot precipice into the thunderous maelstrom of the Cahabón's resurgence from under the bridge.

Storek stepped off the bank of one of the little dams into knee-deep water and plodded along the edge of a

Tufa dams all along surface of natural bridge retain pools of clear water



crescent-shaped pool. He was wading through a thick mass of grass and watercress-like plants that made the rim appear to be about six feet wide. I stepped into the water and examined the edge of the dam. The lip was only a few inches wide and formed of smooth, hard, yellowish-brown stone. The water flowed evenly over the edge, making an eight-foot, convex slide down to the next pool. The water below was clear and a peculiar shade of blue, which was not just a reflection of the sky.

The dam ended abruptly in a sloping bank about six feet high. Climbing to the top, I discovered it to be another dam nearly at right angles to the first and retaining another pool about half the size of the first one. From this vantage point I could see the pattern of the dams: they were roughly fan-shaped and radiated from a point among the trees on the far side toward which Storek was picking his way around the pools of water.

As we went upstream to explore their source, the pools became smaller, and the dams became closer together so that we could jump from edge to edge. Storek led me and Dr. José Limeres to a rapidly flowing stream only a few feet wide.

"The creator of Semúc," said Storek, nodding to a jumble of detritus and shrubs where the water was bubbling and seeping out from some subterranean source in the limestone.

We followed the little stream back to the source, but did not find a cave or entrance. For the first one hundred to two hundred feet from the emergence of the spring, there was no deposit of calcite. It was only after the



Cahabón River in background disappears under the upstream end of Semúc

At downstream end of bridge, water from rimstone pools on top falls off edge, to join river emerging from underneath



stream had tumbled through the talus and rubble at the foot of the cliff that it began to form rimstone pools. The Cahabón, sometime in its relentless erosion, had exposed a cave or underground stream which then began to flow into the river. This underground stream, entering the river at right angles, was saturated with calcium carbonate and began to build up tufa (a kind of travertine) into a network of dams and pools that extended outward and formed an overhanging wall of travertine. Finally it spanned the river and secured itself to the opposite wall.

The bridge has a free span of forty-six feet on the upstream side and one hundred ninety-six feet on the downstream side. It is sixty to eighty feet thick.

Natural bridges are not uncommon. Natural Bridge in Virginia, 215 feet high, has been formed by the action of a stream cutting through a ridge, leaving a limestone arch above. Many small examples of this water erosion can be found in limestone areas in the United States and Europe. Other natural arches have been formed in sandstone by the combined action of water and wind, leaving graceful structures of stone. But none of these bridges has actually been built by deposition or transport of minerals, as has Semúc.

What has caused the occurrence of this cold water travertine deposit? Why doesn't every limestone spring leave similar growths? These questions can best be an-

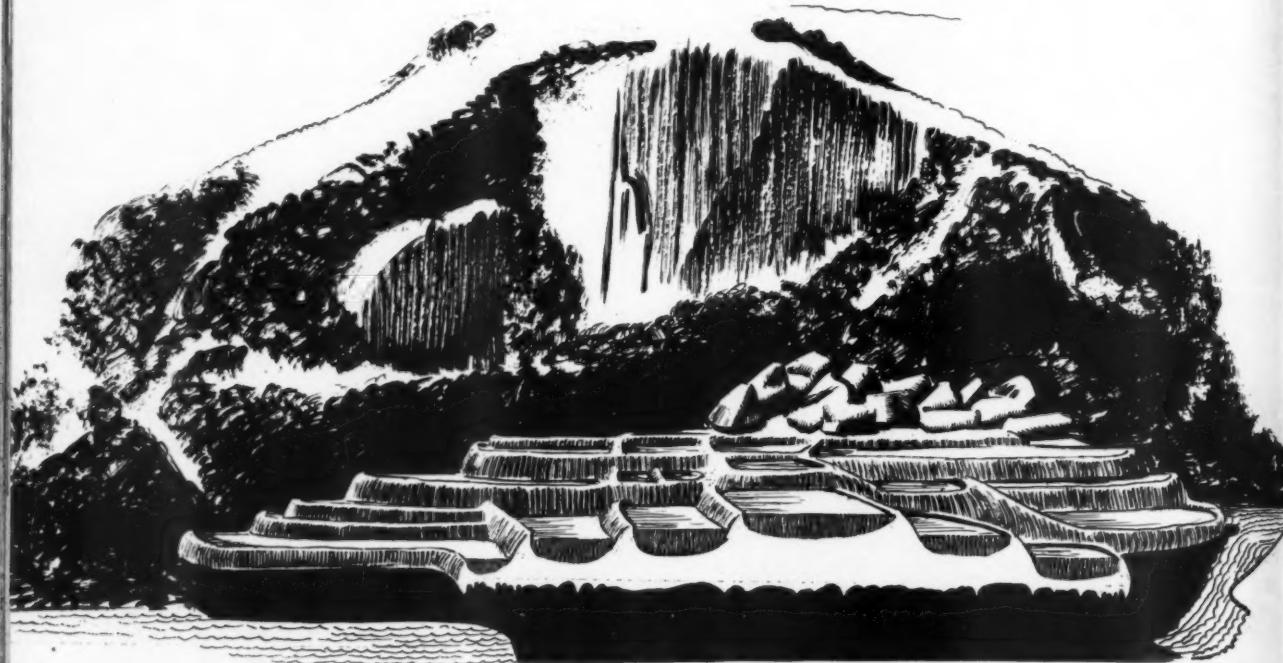


Cross section shows where stream from left wall of canyon built up deposits that eventually completely bridged river below

This amount is generally very slight. An outside influence is necessary to upset the balance enough to produce conspicuous and extensive deposits. But algae in the water seem to provide this necessary differential, and in warm, favorable tropical areas, the deposit of calcium carbonate is enormous and extremely rapid.

Studies of algae in fresh water show that they can effect important chemical changes in the water, through the release of oxygen during daylight hours and the continuous removal of carbon dioxide as a result of photosynthesis. This produces a change in the total hardness of the water—the presence of a vigorous algae population can reduce water hardness as much as one third.

Changes in temperature can greatly effect algae growth, however, and most species live only within given temperature zones. The constant temperature of the underground water flowing through the pools has apparently provided an ideal environment for algae, as well as a continuous supply of water carrying large quantities of calcium carbonate in solution.



Algae were responsible for building up terraced bridge that started at rock jumble at far side

swept by a simple explanation of the chemical and physical change that takes place when the water comes to the surface from its underground source.

All water in a limestone area has a certain amount of calcium carbonate in solution. This material is matched by a proportional amount of carbon dioxide. When the water comes to the surface and changes temperature or is aerated by a waterfall or rapids, the carbon dioxide is given off as a gas. The solution thus becomes unstable, and the excess calcium carbonate is deposited in the form of travertine.

Semúc, then, has been constructed by the tiny green algae that have flourished in the huge rimstone pools, using the material from the little stream for mortar and stone.

Storek told us that in dry weather it is possible to go under the bridge, and one of our Indian guides described, in pantomime, how he had traveled the whole length of the tunnel. Storek added that in the rainy season the water rises and comes over the bridge, making it impassable. The rest of the year it provides the only means of crossing the Cahabón in many miles. ☺

A word with Guillermo Espinosa

THE COLOMBIAN CONDUCTOR Guillermo Espinosa, chief of the Pan American Union's Music Section, has long been an unofficial ambassador of the music of the Americas. He recently returned from appearing with the Paris orchestra of Radiodiffusion Française and the Hanover Philharmonic, and will soon make another trip to conduct orchestras in Naples, Rome, and Brussels. This month he will also conduct in the Pan American Music Festival in Mexico City.

He is known in music circles not only as a conductor but as an organizer. Shortly after completing his studies in Europe, in 1928, he founded a Foreign Residents' Symphony and German-Latin American Music Society in Berlin. In 1936, in Bogotá, he founded the Colombian National Symphony, which he conducted for many years. He was organizer and director of the Ibero-American Music Festival held in Caracas in 1932, the first of its kind in the Hemisphere. Six years later he scored a triumph with a similar festival in Bogotá. His organizational abilities were again evident with the success of the First Inter-American Music Festival, held in Washington in 1958; and groundwork is being laid for a second one scheduled for April of next year.

Interviewed in his Washington office, Dr. Espinosa gave some frank answers about music in the Americas.

Having studied and traveled in both Europe and the Americas, which do you think has the best music and composers today?

"In the Americas we have a large number of good composers, more than ever before; and as a matter of fact, proportionally more than there are in Europe. I firmly believe that the future of music lies here in the Americas. For instance, Americans used to have to go to Europe to study music—that is not the case today, for they can study anything in the field of music right here in this Hemisphere. Our conservatories are unsurpassed. Here, we also have the best orchestral ensembles in the world, while many European countries are in a state of decadence, both in symphonic music and in opera."

How is American music accepted in Europe?

"Europe has a great interest in American music. We are sending to leading radio stations there recorded tapes of three programs of the First Inter-American Music



Festival held here two years ago. This season in Europe I will conduct some works by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Cherubini, but more numerous will be the compositions of American origin—those of the late Heitor Villa-Lobos, of Brazil; of another great Brazilian, Camargo Guarnieri; of the Chilean Gustavo Becerra; the Argentine Alberto Ginastera; the Venezuelan Antonio Estévez; and the U.S. composers Norman delo Joio and Samuel Barber. In the 1961-62 concert season I will visit other foreign capitals to present modern music of the Americas, especially the works from the Second Inter-American Festival to be held in Washington next year."

Do you mean that special works are to be commissioned for this Second Inter-American Festival?

"Yes, in addition to Ginastera, Estévez, and Becerra, these composers are preparing special works for the festival: Carlos Chávez, Rodolfo Halffter, and Blas Galindo of Mexico; Héctor Tosar of Uruguay; Juan Orrego Salas and Domingo Santa Cruz of Chile; Roque Cordero of Panama; Aurelio de la Vega of Cuba; Harry Sommers of Canada; and Roy Harris of the United States."

What do you think is the principal reason for the growing fame of American music?

"I think it is primarily due to the fact that we have now gone beyond the stage of purely nationalistic compositions. Of course each composer retains certain distinctive characteristics, but a really good composition is good anywhere. On the other hand, it is difficult to speak of an 'American music,' because the heritage and the form of the music of Latin America are somewhat different from those of North America. Although many composers, like Villa-Lobos, have developed new forms that are universally appreciated, some national characteristics still flavor the music."

"In the Americas we also have some musicians writing experimental music, who are attracting much attention in the rest of the world. They are exploring the possibilities of quarter-tone music, serial twelve-tone music, and other new systems. There is a great deal of interest in electronic music. I think that foremost among these experimental musicians are Julián Carrillo of Mexico, Juan Carlos Paz of Argentina, Miguel Aguilar of Chile, and John Cage and Harry Partch of the United States." G. M. ☐



A NEW LOOK AT DARÍO

The Nicaraguan poet Rubén Darío was mentioned in the last issue of AMÉRICAS, in a "Newsstand" excerpt of an article about the Salvadorian poet Antonio Gavidia. Here are Arturo Torres-Rioseco's comments, printed in *El Mercurio* of Santiago, Chile, about a British impression of Darío.

The distinguished English critic Sir Maurice Bowra devotes a serious essay to Rubén Darío in his book *Inspiration and Poetry* [London, Macmillan and Co., 1955]. What Bowra says about Darío is of great interest, not only because he places him along with Horace, Dante, Gil Vicente, Milton, Holderlin, Pushkin, Lermontov, Pater, and Hardy, but also because of the danger involved when an erudite foreigner ventures to discuss a literature with which he is not thoroughly familiar.

Thanking Sir Maurice Bowra for the honor he renders to Hispano-American literature does not keep us from expressing our opinion about an essay that, although well-intentioned, is carelessly done. The principal defect of this study is the English critic's incomplete acquaintance with Darío's poetry—an acquaintance probably based on *Prosas Profanas* and some selections from anthologies.

Mr. Bowra begins: "Through him men of pre-eminent gifts like Antonio Machado and Juan Ramón Jiménez found their true selves and inaugurated an era of creative activity which lasted till the Civil War." This statement, especially as it refers to Machado, is false, since it is difficult to find in our literature two more unlike poets or two with more dissimilar poetic ideals.

Bowra himself realizes the exaggeration of his judgment, for he immediately adds that: "There is no trace of his mellifluous ease in the Castilian austerity of Machado or the delicate impressionism of Jiménez."

If Juan Ramón and Machado found themselves, so did Baroja and Unamuno at about the same time, and it would be incorrect to say that this occurred under Darío's influence.

Mr. Bowra is often correct in his judgment about Darío, but his generalizations go too far. He says, for example, that Rubén did something that had never been done before in Spanish and that he dazzled his generation with his linguistic mastery, only to add: "... But we can now see that much of his work was not ultimately original but a brilliant transposition into Spanish of French images and cadences," which is fanciful and untrue.

Mr. Bowra accuses Darío of superficiality in mistaking the transitory style of an era for the essential elements of pure poetry. To this we must object: this is true of the poetry of his youth, but false about his mature work. It is also false that Darío "lacked any central philosophy," that "he trailed a sordid entourage of mistresses from one place to another," and that "he speaks for human nature at a very simple level, and takes things as they come without shaping his life to a plan." And even if these things were true, who has proven that these elements preclude the possibility of profound and authentic poetry?

In fairness we must confess that Mr. Bowra realizes the two essential aspects of Rubén's poetry: first, the development of fantasy, of pure imagination, escape into the secret world of the poet

("A Margarita Debayle," and "La Sonatina"); and second, the search for truth, simplicity, and perfection, which result in poetry very different from his favorite forms. Bowra affirms that "when he was not on the wings of dreams he was liable to be assailed by dark melancholy . . ." and that to transfer the reality of his life, his disorientation, and his tragedy into poetry was "almost more than he could bear." In a crisis, like the one that lead to his poem "Melancolia," Darío, says Bowra, "with his untutored simplicity and his complete lack of irony, is able to speak with a force beyond the range of many more gifted and more sophisticated poets." Simplicity gives an extraordinary force to his poetry; the frankness of his confession profoundly impresses the reader.

Bowra also declares: "... Sonatina on the one hand and *Lo Fatal* on the other mark the poles between which Darío's genius moved, and show the contrast and the discord between his soaring fantasies and his moments of abasement. They illustrate how difficult it was for him to maintain his early conception of poetry as an ivory tower which protected him from himself. He oscillated between the two extremes, and if he writes more often about his exalted than about his depressed moments, it is the latter which provoke the stronger poetry."

In his poetry Darío tried to unify the contrasts and dichotomies of his existence. This unity is fully achieved in his "Canción de Otoño en Primavera [Song of Autumn in Spring]" which, according to Mr. Bowra, is his best poem. It is not only the account of his loves, but a series of variations on an elegaic theme.

*Juventud divino tesoro,
ya te vas para no volver!
Cuando quiero llorar, no lloro,
y a veces lloro sin querer.*

Youth, divine treasure,
You go, never to return!
When I wish to weep, I do not weep,
And at times I weep without wishing.

... It is true, as Mr. Bowra asserts, that "Dario was born at a time when the poetry of his own language had nothing to teach him, and he turned for help and inspiration to France." It is a serious error, however, to believe that Dario "was not altogether lucky in this, since his simple, natural character was better suited to a less elaborate, less sophisticated, and less ambitious art."

I believe just the opposite: that the tropical temperament of the poet drew him close to the Parnasian concept of decorative poetry and, on the other hand, his Indian heritage, his hyper-aesthetic sensitivity, the uncertain culture of his youth, his belief in myths and superstitions, placed him on a symbolist plane.

Mr. Bowra goes on to say that "his French schooling imposed on his extremely receptive spirit a manner which he wore with a remarkable brilliance and variety but which at times his inner life forced him to modify or to reject."

It is true that in his poems written after *Cantos de Vida y Esperanza* (Songs of Life and Hope) Dario, exploring his sentiments more deeply, abandons the decorative brilliance of *Azul* (Blue) and *Prosas Profanas*. This is not a result of simplicity, ingenuousness, or naturalness, but because of his human anxiety and the profoundness of his esthetic concepts. It is simply the creative evolution of the poet. And this process of assimilating the French influence did not impede the development of his excellence, as Mr. Bowra believes, nor did it make him seem "a minor disciple of the Symbolist school."

And if it is true that his French preferences intensified his desire for escape and his cult of dreams, we must be thankful, because this resulted in a great quantity of extraordinarily lucid poetry.

SCHOOL-BUILDING IN BOLIVIA

An official decree in Bolivia has established a basis for community co-operation and participation in the building of new schools. The general significance of the plan was discussed in *Educación Boliviana*, published by the joint U.S.-Bolivian educational service (SCIDE).

Most of the inhabitants of any given country, and particularly in ours, have taken the dangerous attitude of expecting everything from the state, like manna from heaven, without any help from themselves.

We frequently hear throughout the country protests from all quarters because the government doesn't do this or that, when as a matter of fact those same citizens should stop to think that the government can't solve all the problems without their help and support, and they should think more along the lines of doing something for the community's good by cooperating with government agencies and contributing personally. In other words, we shouldn't say "Let the government do it," but "Let's do it with the government."

Modern nations have perfected their internal revenue systems, thus achieving a large amount of government income. In our country, this state of efficiency in the bureaucratic mechanisms is a long way from being reached, leaving a magnificent opening for tax evasion, although the state

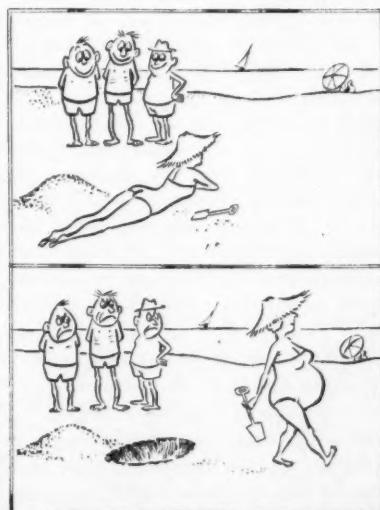
needs this income to meet the needs of society. Therefore it is very difficult to provide the country with good educational centers with the meager receipts of the national treasury.

Measures similar to the one we are discussing have been taken in Guatemala and some Central American countries, with extraordinarily happy results. For example, the school children have taken it upon themselves to carry one stone each day for the erection of their schools. Mothers who can't contribute financially to this common effort at least bring a bucket of water daily. Fathers supply other construction materials or labor. Those who can't work or don't want to work on the construction of walls or carrying of supplies help out financially. Under these conditions, the government's role is limited to providing such materials as can't be supplied by parents, teachers, and students, as well as technical supervision and specialized labor. In this way the government's financial outlay for the projects is considerably reduced, and the communities feel the satisfaction of having built their school with their own efforts.

Examples like this one have occurred in our country too, at times. In Cochabamba last year the La Chimba School was opened. The heavy work on the walls and foundations of this building was done by the parents and the community, with the government contributing labor and materials to finish it. Thus the country got a new school at low cost.

The essence of all this is that the students, teachers, and parents will care for this school more than they would otherwise, because it was built with their own efforts.

A more recent and more illustrative example is one that is currently nearing completion—the Manuel Ascencio Villarroel Rural Normal School in Paracaya. On this project, the government and the community cooperated under the following arrangement: The community agreed to undertake the excavation work, provide the stones and sand, make the adobe bricks, and transport the materials to the place where they would be needed. The SCIDE is meeting one third of the total cost, and the community is paying for the other two thirds with its labor and



Sampaolo in Revista do Globo, Pôrto Alegre, Brazil

other contributions.

Fortunately it is very common to find this civic or patriotic responsibility in the rural populace, which is continually building its schools with a minimum of governmental participation. . . .

The object of the decree on this subject [which sets up percentages of costs to be met by the government and the community] is to make the available funds go as far as possible—more than twice as far as they could if the government were bearing the full cost.

WHO FOUNDED SÃO PAULO?

A Spaniard's reputation as São Paulo's founder was defended by Felipe Torroba Bernaldo de Quirós in an article in La Tribuna, of Asunción, Paraguay.

The spread of Spanish tradition and culture was the achievement of the early missionaries. . . . The Spanish missionaries in America were real heroes who, armed only with the crucifix, dauntlessly penetrated the virgin jungle and confronted great dangers while fulfilling their apostolate.

Of this splendid breed were Friar Juan de Zumárraga, founder of the University of Mexico, the first in America; Friar Junípero Serra, the Majorcan evangelist of California; Saint Francis Xavier; Friar Juan Beira, the great apostle of the Mohammedan lands; Andrés de Urdaneta, the South Seas navigator who converted the Filipinos; and the great evangelist of Brazil, Father José de Anchieta.

The latter, a humble Jesuit who called himself "poor useless José," sowed stoicism and self-denial all across the broad and forested geography of Brazil. No one worked with him in his apostolic labor. No one fought as he did to let the God of the armies, the God who is the father of all men, bring the souls of those Indians His redeeming light, the symbol of perfect love that knows no frontiers.

He was young and frail when he arrived in Brazil. . . . He learned the language of the aborigines right away, and later he wrote a grammar of the tongues then spoken in Brazil. He also wrote an epistle on questions of natural history and a beautiful poem dedicated

to the Virgin.

Perhaps it is the extreme youthfulness of José de Anchieta that has caused some modern authors to deny that he was the real founder of São Paulo, attributing the deed instead to the Portuguese Manoel da Nóbrega. In an article in the *Diário da Manhã* of Lisbon, on December 31, 1952, Oscar Pacheco states that the São Paulo Historical and Geographical Institute recognizes Nóbrega as the founder of the city. . . . This view was shared by professor Tito Lívio Ferreira; Omar Simões Magro, researcher in Brazilian history; and Antonio Piccarolo, scholar of Italian origin. Carried away by an extreme nationalism, these authors wished to place the figure of the Portuguese Nóbrega ahead of that of the Spaniard José de Anchieta. As if the discovery and colonization of Brazil wasn't a glorious undertaking, carried out by those *bandeirantes*, by those enterprising pioneers whose feats Camões praised in the golden verses of the *Lusiad*.

Those affirmations were roundly rebutted by the Jesuit Father Leite, in his *Historia de la Compañía de Jesús*: "On January 25, 1554, Fathers Manuel de Paiva, Alfonso Braz, and José de Anchieta were in Piratininga. They were the founders of the city of São Paulo." He further says that it was Father Leonardo Nunes who began building the camp at Piratininga. He does not mention Nóbrega, who was at the time the principal of the Jesuits of San Vicente. Capistrano de Abreu, in an article in *O Jornal* of August 1927, says that Nóbrega did not know the Indian language, and he took Anchieta with him as an assistant. Anchieta, then, was indisputably present in Piratininga on January 25, 1554. José de Anchieta himself writes: "Some of the missionaries [were together in Piratininga] in 1554, and we celebrated the first mass in a small shack on the day of the conversion of Saint Paul."

Facundo Varela has written a poem depicting the Spanish missionary envisioning the city of São Paulo of the future. The supporters of the thesis that Nóbrega was the founder cite the fact that he was Anchieta's chief, his commander, in the military terminology so dear to the Jesuits. The Spaniard was



Little Angels. Aragonés in Mañana, Mexico City

a subordinate, a soldier. Furthermore, he was very young and inexperienced, although he was educated and mentally well prepared. . . . But admirers of Anchieta realize that his youth in no way prevented heroism. He was the best qualified to found a school of humanities. . . . Also, he remained in Piratininga for eleven years, so that the growth of the city might be considered as his work. . . . The São Paulo Law School took this view when its professors spoke of ". . . the glory of José de Anchieta, founder of São Paulo de Piratininga, to whom Brazil owes undying gratitude."

São Paulo, today the fastest growing city in the world, with its enormous skyscrapers, was born on a tropical winter morning, under an indigo sky, through the work of a Spanish missionary—one of those incomparable men armed with the crucifix who preached the doctrine of Christ in the jungle—Friar José de Anchieta.

THE BANKRUPT AMBASSADOR

German Arciniegas, Colombian Ambassador to Italy, wrote from Rome, for El Comercio of Quito, Ecuador, this account of how a devoted secretary rescued a bankrupt ambassador and saved face for Gran Colombia, nearly one hundred and thirty years ago.

Few ambassadors have had so trying a time as Don Ignacio Texada did. Simón Bolívar sent him to Rome to negotiate for the recognition of Gran Colombia by the Vatican. Gran Colombia and the entire former South American empire of Spain had become independent; the whole world had recognized this, but Spain insisted to the Pope that it would break relations with the Holy See if Ignacio Texada were not thrown out of the eternal city.

In these years of struggle, the adroitness of Don Ignacio achieved something that was never repeated in the rich history of the Vatican. The Pope maintained clandestine relations with him, receiving him by night, and the two authorities worked together in secret until Spain finally recognized the inevitable. But, meanwhile, Don Ignacio was going blind, Gran Colombia was dissolved, and the poor ambassador was kept in Rome to fight, without receiving a penny of support. Don Ignacio could no longer pay the rent, nor could he buy bread, wine, or oil.

Don Ignacio's secretary was the young Fernando Lorenzana, who respected the old man like a father. Lorenzana gave the most moving proof of friendship that has ever been recorded in the annals of our diplomacy. This is his own story as he wrote it in his personal diary, now in the hands of his family:

"When he had completely exhausted his means of subsistence, and had no hope of getting more either from the government or from some private individual who might offer to provide them, Ignacio Texada, Colombian Minister to the Holy See, was reduced to the sad dilemma of giving up the mission or perishing from poverty at his post. This certainly would have damaged national prestige, leaving a blot of shame on the persons responsible for an act contrary to the morals of the Authorities, to the respectability

of the public character of the individual sacrificed, and even to humanity. It was then, motivated by the most disinterested patriotism, that I decided to find a way out of this transcendental disorder, to save the honor of the government and the life of the diplomatic representative, by getting to the source of the trouble.

"The decision was promptly followed by its fulfillment; two weeks passed between the two because of the indispensable preparations for so arduous a voyage. I won't mention that I put up the major part of the extensive funds needed for this voyage from Rome to Cartagena.

"After covering as fast as possible the great distance from Rome to Falmouth, the port where I could embark for America, I did not tarry there but took ship at once, when the March equinox was nearly upon us. . . .

"While at sea we encountered a terrible storm, and I suffered when we entered the tropical regions. I arrived at Cartagena with no resources for continuing the trip to Bogotá, capital and seat of the supreme power of the nation. Although the governor of the province offered me some assistance, after many requests and prolonged delay I succeeded in getting only a small amount of cash and a letter of credit for Mompox. When I presented myself to the first authority of that city, I heard the sad news that the letter was useless because, according to the person in charge, it could not be

honored for some time. . . . With the best of intentions because he realized the justice of my pleading, he finally ventured to give me a sum much smaller than the amount I needed to finish my trip.

"In spite of the knowledge of the strait I was in, I continued toward the capital. I had to part with some of my prized possessions, selling them because of the impelling necessity. I was convinced that only in this way would I accomplish my philanthropic project, which would restore honor to New Granada, bring relief and well-being to the Minister, and justify my many sacrifices and sufferings.

"I confess that at the sight of the capital a crowd of anxieties and fears arose in my mind, but confidence in the fairness of the current legal government swept them away completely and continued to dominate my thinking.

"1833. Divine Providence has rewarded my efforts: the government of New Granada allotted the legation in Rome more than twenty-five thousand pesos, and gave me half of this sum in gold, promising to pay the other half soon. I returned contented to Rome, and turned over all the money to the Minister, thereby reassuring him and saving him from his sorry situation.

"*Laus Deo.*"

I release this copy of a document long lost in the files in Rome, so that ambassadors and their secretaries may profit from it, now and in the future.



Witch Doctor. *Aragonés in Mañana*



books

Recent BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

Reviewed by Maria de Lourdes Teixeira

The reader may be surprised to note from the publication dates of books included in this roundup that only two are 1960 releases. One must not infer from this that there is a dearth of literary and publishing output in Brazil this year. On the contrary, after issuing textbooks for grade schools, high schools, and universities during the first few months, the nation's publishers have begun putting out novels; volumes of short stories, poetry, and essays; biographies; and so on. The avalanche is increasing, so we can expect an intense period of publication of a purely literary character. Several volumes are already on my desk waiting to be read. First, however, I would like to report on some of the most interesting and typical Brazilian books of the end of 1959 and early 1960. I shall deal with three full-length novels, one novelette, one book of stories, one non-fiction volume, and one of poetry.

Josué Montello, the youngest member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, has produced, in ten years of literary activity, thirty-three works of the most diverse types: novels, articles on art and on literary topics, stories, history, plays, and children's books. His most recent work is the novel *A Décima Noite* (The Tenth Night), and he has already announced two others: *A Porta do Inferno* (The Door of Hell) and *Os Degraus do Paraíso* (The Degrees of Paradise).

The novels of Josué Montello are generally based on the life and typical aspects of his native state, Maranhão, an old province that, along with Pernambuco and Bahia, had great importance in the days of the empire, was the cradle of poets and novelists, and earned the title of "Brazilian Athens."

A Décima Noite continues this sort of saga, narrating a very sensitive psychological drama, set in that locale, in a map of streets, two-story houses, plazas, docks, and purely *maranhense* traditions and customs. We could say that Josué Montello has given new life to the novel of his native region, inaugurated so successfully by Aluísio Azevedo. As a matter of fact, books like *O Labirinto de Espelhos* (The Labyrinth of Mirrors) and *Janelas Fechadas* (Closed Windows), through their descriptions of local customs of the past, bring back to life a scene that is enduringly human, in which the city of São Luís figures as the principal and omnipresent character.

Writing in a realistic style, Josué Montello gives us vignettes of the Maranhão of long ago and of today, adding situations and sentiments, traditional and contemporary, drama and comedy, prose and poetry, so that his lively, pleasant books awaken the interest of any reading public, in Brazil or abroad.

Although in *Janelas Fechadas*, *O Labirinto de Espelhos*, and *A Luz da Estréla Morta* (The Light of the Dead Star) he takes pride in offering a panorama of settings and customs of the cities of the slowly changing past, in *A Décima Noite* he doesn't limit himself to a museum of furniture and people, nor to a gallery of families, streets, and houses of a São Luís shadowed by centuries of decrepitude. He takes his characters, gives them universal, personal and social problems, and resolves those human equations with acuity and sensitiveness—a demonstration that, since Stendhal, the topics, based on routine life or psychological excess, have been more or less analogous. But, if the themes scarcely vary within the contingencies of existence, the literary processes vary in such

a way that the curiosity and interest of the reader are constantly renewed.

A novel of Rio that well represents both the city and a period in recent history (1936-38), is *O Trapicheiro* by Marques Rebêlo, who with this volume inaugurates the series *O Espelho Partido* (The Broken Mirror), which will be in seven parts, to appear in as many separate volumes.

While Josué Montello chose to write of the people of Maranhão in his novels, Marques Rebêlo has always written about Rio de Janeiro. Thus, in *Marajá, Oscarina, Três Caminhos* (Three Roads), *A Estrela Sobe* (The Star Rises), *Stela Me Abriu a Porta* (Stella Opened the Door for Me), and now in *O Trapicheiro*, the leading character is the city that was the Federal Capital until the inauguration of Brasília. We can therefore say that Marques Rebêlo was and continues to be the novelist-poet of the *Velha-Cap* (old capital), and that his books embrace nearly three decades of *carioca* life.

A chronicler of the daily and nocturnal life of Rio, of its lower-class and its oldest sections, of the hills and the slums, of the samba and the carnival, of the life of the government workers and newspapermen, of radio and soccer, of the suburbs and the beaches, Marques Rebêlo has already published a great deal. His work has been well characterized in a recent analysis by José Geraldo Vieira: "His primary characteristic is his thoroughly *carioca* (native to Rio de Janeiro) style, without rhet-

oric, with a spontaneity that we would compare to that of Carco and Prevert. His second characteristic is the localized setting, generally a specific section of the city, for example Vila Isabel." And we can add: His third characteristic is the human authenticity of his characters and people, both in their reactions and in their speech.

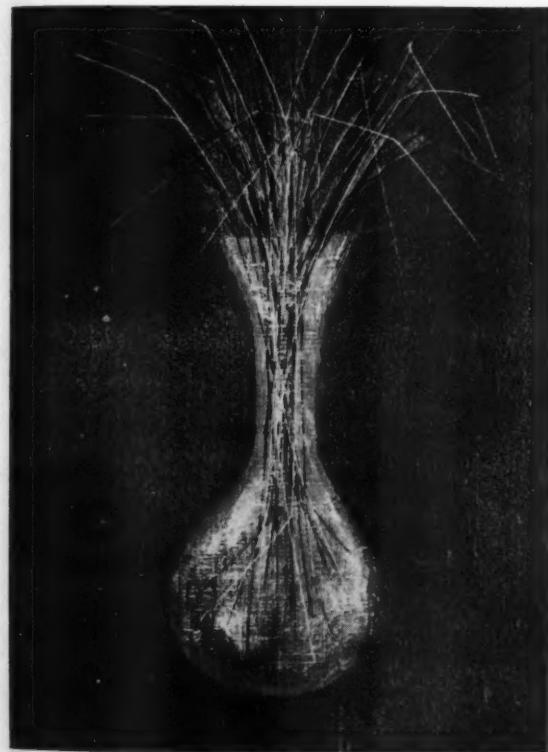
But the author of *Stela Me Abriu a Porta* up to now has confined himself to the level of observation, and his plastic style has preserved the people and landscapes, the facts and customs of Rio de Janeiro in the manner of a good reporter. In this initial volume of *O Espelho Partido* a transformation has occurred—the author makes use of reminiscences and newspaper records. Thus, out of his experience and his perceptions, the facts, episodes, personalities, dates, political changes—in other words, the life of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and the world—are paraded before the reader. And that mirror, although broken, reflects and retains the life of the people with admirable clarity and unity, showing their obscure little dramas as well as the infinite repercussions of the broader scene.

The title of the novel comes from a river, the Trapicheiro, which rises in the mountains near Tijuca, runs through industrial sections, and empties into Guanabara Bay, without ever being a river of docks, bridges, and riverside avenues; on the contrary, it is a modest creek that flows behind backyards, but it has the function of an element of contact, since it is as though *carioca* life flowed through its waters.

With the death of two great novelists—José Lins do Rego and Graciliano Ramos—who dealt with themes of the northeast, Marques Rebêlo, newer, but with equal greatness, a fully matured writer, has assumed and well executed the responsibility of representing urban life in the modern Brazilian novel. To speak of the Brazilian novel, and especially of the novels of Rio de Janeiro, is to think of the books by Marques Rebêlo. His work, along with that of José Geraldo Vieira, Lúcio Cardoso, Otávio de Faria and the late Gastão Cruls, today has continued the job of reporting the life of the "marvelous city," as the writing of Manuel Antônio de Almeida, Joaquim Manuel de Mamede, and the great Machado de Assis did in bygone days.

José Condé, of the new generation, a northeasterner from Pernambuco who settled in Rio de Janeiro, is intimately linked with the literary life since he is a director of the oldest literary paper in Brazil, the *Jornal de Letras*, and is literary editor of a large Rio daily. Up to now he has published stories and novelettes, in two books that have received distinguished awards. As a matter of fact, *Histórias da Cidade Morta* (Tales of the Dead City) won the Paula Brito and Afonso Arinos laurels.

But the proof of the identification of José Condé with the city that adopted him is his recent novel—*Um Ramo Para Luisa* (A Bouquet for Luisa)—an example of modern literary social criticism. In its pages, in chapters as short as photo-flashes, as clear as a close-up, this book with the flavor of the newsroom and the newsreel has the force of an up-to-the-minute account. The facts are



Paintings this and next page by Leonardo Nierman of Mexico

coordinated the way a lens focuses light rays, with the immediacy of action photos, and even the graphic presentation itself is different, achieved by an unusual use of labels and tags. The U.S. reader who is familiar with Dos Passos' experiments will understand what I mean. Add to this the skillful reporting, and you will have an idea of this best seller with its fifty chapters, each one occupying a third of a page. However, the result is cohesive, and *Um Ramo Para Luisa* is not only a new kind of novel—it established a new sort of expressionism.

The first book of Antônio d'Elia, a series of short stories entitled *O Diabo Veste-se de Prêto* (The Devil Wears Black), is a classic example of its kind: direct narration, faultless style, interesting subject matter. But this is not all. To these qualities we must add another, eminently personal and valid—the existentialist objectivity with which he explores new psychological regions of the human being.

The usual ingredients of dialogues, plots, and synthesis, the literary devices that make a short story a novel in miniature or let it develop a moment of life or a situation, are to some extent maintained in this book. But it is precisely when Antônio d'Elia goes beyond this, with sarcasm, with doses of a humanity that is not diabolical (as the title might indicate), and with analytical testimony, that his stories assume a different dimension and show the sharpness of his observation. Add to this his extremely clean and pleasant style, and you have a picture of this writer who is a master in this genre—the short story—which is becoming immensely popular in Brazil.

The novel that opened the literary year in Brazil was *O Burro de Ouro* (The Golden Burro) by the Pernambucan Gastão de Holanda. Pernambuco has given our literature successive generations of critics, essayists, and poets (it is sufficient to cite, of the writers since 1922, Manuel Bandeira, Gilberto Freyre, and João Cabral de Melo Neto). Now it has produced two promising new novelists, Gastão de Holanda and Osman Lins.

Gastão de Holanda had already published a book of stories, *Zona de Silêncio*; a volume of novelettes, *Macaco Branco* (White Monkey); and a novel, *Os Escorpiões* (The Scorpions) with which he won the José de Anchieta prize in the contest held in conjunction with the Fourth Centenary celebration in São Paulo.

O Burro de Ouro, a novel that is truly Pernambucan in the social structure it portrays, has thirty-two chapters. It is truly Pernambucan because the author draws material from two sources: Pernambuco, the land of sugar, sugar mills, and refineries; and Recife, a city typical of the Northeast but with the vitality and development of a metropolis.

Gastão de Holanda has a style very much his own, a highly personal vision; each chapter expresses a theme, a certain state of feeling or being. For example: "What Did You Do With Your Youth?" "New Aspects of Reality," or "The Transparency of Summer Days and Good Style."

He is a perceptive artist, who writes imaginatively and lovingly of the rural and urban countryside, of people



and events. If he speaks of the past, he does so with a poetic flourish: "In the ravine of shadows." If he draws upon tradition, his title is "The Bears of the Earth." He blends realism and psychology, combines the multiple and diffuse external world with the solitary, single world of the author, fusing his sensibilities with the theme. This craftsmanship results in a work of art far beyond the capacity of a novice. Here is a mature novelist capable of doing his job on his own.

In the essay field, at the end of 1959 one appeared on a foreign subject of universal interest, *Compreensão de Proust* (Understanding Proust), by Alcântara Silveira. This author had already published a series of studies of French literature, *Gente de França* (People of France). Now he has published an essay on the author of *Remembrance of Things Past*, using an extensive bibliography that is not only French but universal. It presents a summary of the social and literary life of Proust, giving a lucid analysis of the meaning of his writing. The approach combines the impressions of the author with the interpretations of many Proustian scholars from the rest of the world.

It appears to us that one of the values of Alcântara Silveira is the gradual process by which he comes to grips with the problem. Proust is presented on successive subjective levels that reveal the lonely man, the man of society, the man of literary circles. His influence is traced, and the work itself discussed. The reader comes to know this personal "lost time," what it means to search for oneself in it; he becomes familiar with the social

gallery that fills the fifteen volumes of the series; and finally, through his correspondence, the reader learns something of the intimate thought of the writer.

So this book, which begins with the multiple aspects of the life and personality of the gifted reviver of the novel, proves to be the ideal key to the sorcery of Proust. In two hours the entranced reader gains a clear vision of that fascinating world. In addition, the book includes well organized references and documentation.

Murilo Mendes is linked to the history of Brazilian modernism. He made his debut exactly thirty-five years ago; his first book was published three years after the Modern Art Week in 1922. A Catholic poet, he has lived recently in Brussels, Paris, and Rome, on official cultural missions, and has just published his complete works, under the title of *Poesia*.

It is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, covering the various phases in the evolution of one of our older spirits—from his Dadaist experiments to his present manner, serene and composed, deep in thought. Jorge de Lima, another great poet, aptly said of him: "Murilo Mendes is the most prolific producer of poetry that I ever knew."

Truly, it is a collection of great artistry and richness in which the images and the messages occur in time and space through the most diversified processes. The work has coherence, although it presents many difficult phases. If Murilo was baroque at first, the poems written recently in Italy show an extremely disciplined neoclassicism. *História do Brasil* differs completely from books such as *Tempo e Eternidade* (Time and Eternity). *Poesia em Pânico* (Poetry in Panic) may be considered his most typical book, for its temperament and for its ecstasy. From then on his poetry undergoes a basic transformation, represented in the aptly named book *As Metamorfoses*, which was followed by such great books as *O Discípulo de Emaús* (The Disciple of Emmaus) and *Poesia e Liberdade* (Poetry and Liberty), reflections of the anxieties caused by the enigmas of the world and the drama of existence.

Sometimes he has a messianic, religious impact; at other times it is secular. He may be lyrical or surrealistic, classical or revolutionary; throughout his successive stages, he has always been in the aesthetic vanguard of his time.

If Murilo Mendes reached the apex of his poetry and thought some time ago, now in the phase represented by the *Parábola* and above all in his most recent poems—*Siciliana*—he attains the apogee of a kind of solitude. He is more than a poet who has witnessed the world during two wars and suffered as a human being and participant. In this latest group he enters the mythological world and becomes the poet of the New Greece between Taormina and Syracuse, in the same way that he was recently the poet of pilgrimage, in *De Profundis*, *Egésese* (Exegesis), and *Sant'Ana e a Virgem*.

He is a great poet, who has transcended the literary confines of Brazil to become known abroad; his poems are being translated in various countries, among them Italy and France.

A DÉCIMA NOITE, by Josué Montello. Rio de Janeiro. Livraria José Olympio Editôra, 1959. 278 p.

O TRAPICHEIRO, by Marques Rebêlo. São Paulo, Livraria Martins Editôra, 1959. 471 p.

UM RAMO PARA LUÍSA, by José Condé. Rio de Janeiro, Editora Civilização Brasileira, 1959. 145 p.

O DIABO VESTE-SE DE PRÊTO, by Antônio d'Elia. São Paulo, Difusão Européia do Livro, 1959. 187 p.

O BURRO DE OURO, by Gastão de Holanda. Recife, Editora Igarassu Ltda., 1960. 303 p.

COMPREENSÃO DE PROUST, by Alcântara Silveira. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio Editôra, 1959. 145 p.

POESIA, by Murilo Mendes. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio Editôra, 1960. 482 p.

Maria de Lourdes Teixeira is AMÉRICAS' literary correspondent in Brazil.



GRAPHICS CREDITS

Correction: The cover photograph of our April issue was incorrectly credited. The photographer was A. S. Landry.

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom.)

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Letters

WHICH IS HIGHEST PEAK?

In the "Letters" column of the March issue you state that Ojos del Salado, and not Aconcagua, is the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere. Please tell me how high Ojos del Salado really is. The National Geographic Magazine Atlas map of South America (February 1960) lists the height of Ojos del Salado as 22,539 feet, and Aconcagua as 22,834 feet.

Lacking sufficient boldness to tackle both the National Geographic Society and the Pan American Union, I shall retire to the sidelines. Please give some figures in your answer.

Alexander Marko
5112 Maplewood Avenue
Los Angeles 4, California

This question has no simple answer, for even the cartographers and geographers don't agree. Ojos del Salado has not received unanimous recognition as the highest peak in the Hemisphere, but AMÉRICAS has supported its candidacy for the title since the article in our May, 1956 issue that told of Captain René Gajardo's Chilean expedition that calculated the height of Ojos del Salado at 23,236 feet by triangulation and at 23,239 on the altimeters.

Ojos del Salado is recognized as 22,539 feet by the National Geographic Society; 22,588 feet by the Inter-American Geodetic Survey; and 22,590 feet by the American Geographical Society. The National Geographic Society's source is an official Argentine aeronautical chart dated 1944; the IAGS cites the Andes Copper Mining Survey of 1956, done in conjunction with the American Alpine Club; and the American Geographical Society also relies upon the American Alpine Club figures. (The discrepancy of two feet between the IAGS and American Geographical figures occurs because the former is expressed in even meters).

Aconcagua's height is 22,834 according to both the National Geographic Society and the American Geographical Society. The IAGS figures, based on a different source, put it at four feet less.

Does anyone have other evidence to offer?

HOUSING INQUIRY

I am studying the problem of housing in all its aspects. I would like to correspond with persons interested in the problem who have had experience in the field or are studying it. I speak Spanish and Esperanto.

Dardo M. Galacho
Casilla de Correo 43
Suc. 17
Buenos Aires, Argentina

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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